GLORIA LEONARD NUDE!

HIGH SOCIETY

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OUR COVER, You asked for it, and now you have it: Our own la Gloria in an in-the-pink pictorial (p. 45) and no-holes-barred interview (p. 12).

HIGH SOCIETY

JULY 1979 VOLUME FOUR NUMBER TWO

4 HIGH SOCIETY REGISTER — Rotten To The (Hard)Core!

5 SILVER SPOONFULS — Tasty Bits of Fun, News, Humor

10 TALK TO ME — Leonard Lusts on Letters

12 GLORIA LEONARD — Porn Queen Interview

15 LORRAINE — A European Delicacy

23 HIGH TIMES — Films, Books, People

28 AMOROUS ASTROLOGER — Charts Your Sex Life

31 BIG RED — One Hot Mama!

40 BARE-ASS BEACHES — A Guide To Full-Bodied Tanning

45 GLORIOUS GLORIA! — Porny Publisher Opens Wide

52 THE MODEL — Fiction By John Michaels

55 CASABLANCA — Sam Plays Again!

60 GEE GLORIA! — All Nude Comic Strip

64 PRISCILLA — Ebony Sensation

80 ROLL-HER DISCO — Reader Fantasy-of-the-Month

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ROTTEN TO THE (HARD) CORE!

By the time we go to press with this issue, more than likely you will already have heard about *Hardcore*, an R-rated film starring George C. Scott. While I may be inadvertently giving this cinematic piece of crap undue publicity, I consider it my duty to warn you about Hollywood's rip-off-of-the-year.

Despite its ballsy title, *Hardcore* leads you down a tawdry trail of slime, sleaze and snuff which at best is boring, and mostly bullshit.

Director Paul Schrader chose to wallow in the gutter in a two-bit attempt at exploiting an industry reputedly infamous for being expert in exploitaton.

Cashing in on a good thing is the American way! I have no quarrel with that. What worries me is that *Hardcore*'s perspective is so narrow that those who see it just may believe that it accurately portrays an entire industry, which of course it does not. Schrader's close-up of the underside squalor is a prejudiced view which will only reinforce an image that does nothing but make my job harder than it already is. I am also a little disappointed in my good porno pal, Serena, for having allowed herself to be a party to this pap. We all must learn to search our souls more thoroughly before we sell a piece!

Speaking of pieces, yours truly bares all in this juicy July issue which includes a brand-nude luscious layout, a penetrating interview and a cocky new comic strip titled *Gee, Gloria!*; it's all about my sexperiences, some fact, some fiction. (You figure out which is which!)

And check out lovely Lorraine, one blonde who'll gladly give you more fun. There's also *High Soceity's Guide to Nude Beaches*, telling you what not to wear! Big Red is our tribute to the Fourth of July—she's red, white and hot and ready to raise your flagpole! You'll delight in our dark-skinned darling, Priscilla. She's a stunning stewardess who's fond of murmuring, "Coffee, tea or me?" And don't forget our Cover Girl Contest, the horny *High Times* section, sassy *Silver Spoonfuls*, *Talk To Me* and the rest of July's juggy jackpot issue.

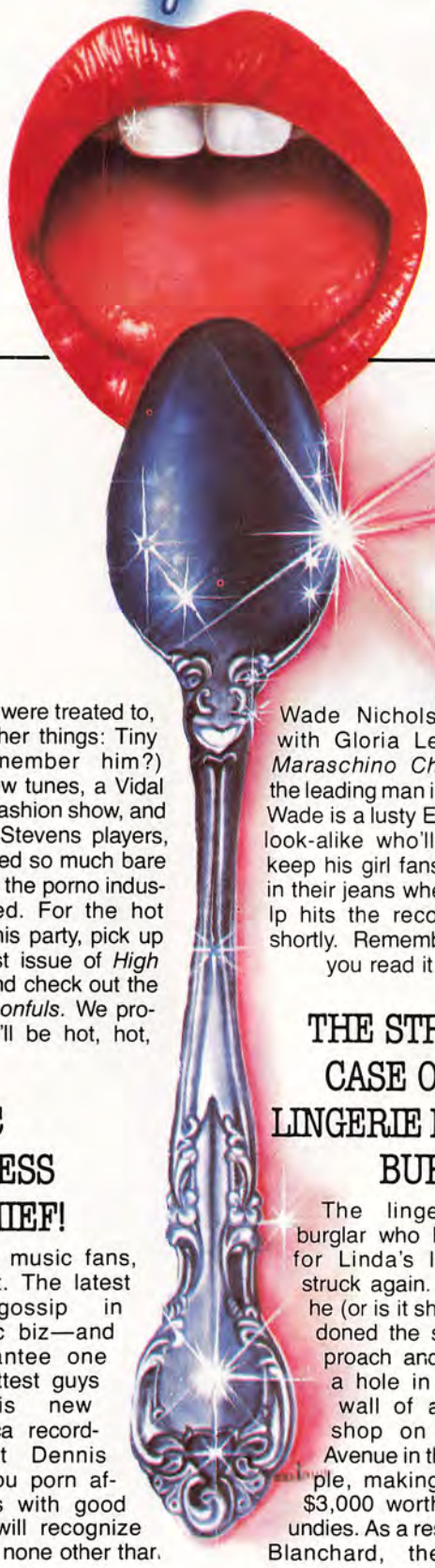


Gloria Leonard

Love and Lust,

Gloria Leonard,
Publisher

Silver Spoonfuls



SWOONING IN VERMONT

Margaret Whiting, a big band singer who starred with the Tommy Dorsey orchestra and who made *Moonlight in Vermont* a lovers' anthem, has a hot romance cooking with porno superstar Jack Wrangler. More power to you, Maggie!

PORNY SUMMER PARTY

Guess who came to dinner and ended up staying at raven-haired screen siren Annette Haven's San Francisco pad? Why none other than David Morris, one of Gutsy Gloria's favorite leading men.

ON THE ROCKS

A few months ago, our own la Gloria gave the blushing Jill Monro away at the latter's lavish disco wedding to Marc (10½") Stevens. The marriage obviously didn't go too well, because Mr. 10½" and "Ms. 21st Century Woman" recently said it's splitsville. But true to the let's-part-friends spirit, the ex-couple-to-be held their divorce party in the Copacabana disco on Sunday, April 1st (Happy April Fool's Day), and the party turned out to be a gas. More than 2,000 divorce celebrants crowded the Copa and were treated to, among other things: Tiny Tim (remember him?) doing a few tunes, a Vidal Sassoon fashion show, and the Marc Stevens players, who showed so much bare flesh even the porno industry blushed. For the hot shots of this party, pick up the August issue of *High Society* and check out the *Silver Spoonfuls*. We promise they'll be hot, hot, hot!

MUSIC BUSINESS MISCHIEF!

All you music fans, watch out. The latest inside gossip in the music biz—and we guarantee one of the hottest guys around—is new Casablanca recording artist Dennis Parker. You porn aficionados with good eyesight will recognize Dennis as none other than Wade Nichols, co-star with Gloria Leonard in *Maraschino Cherry* and the leading man in *Take Off.* Wade is a lusty Erroll Flynn look-alike who'll certainly keep his girl fans creamin' in their jeans when his first lp hits the record stores shortly. Remember, guys, you read it here first!

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE LINGERIE LOVIN' BURGLAR

The lingerie-lovin' burglar who has fallen for Linda's love lace struck again. This time he (or is it she?) abandoned the subtle approach and knocked a hole in the west wall of a lingerie shop on Madison Avenue in the Big Apple, making off with $3,000 worth of sexy undies. As a result, Linda Blanchard, the shop's owner, has put a $500 reward on his/her head. Previously, the burglar entered the shop eight different times through the air conditioner unit, which has now been boarded up. Says Mrs. Blanchard, "I think it's a weirdo who likes the stuff but can't afford it." If you notice your best friend sportin' different colored little nothings every day of the week, you could make yourself a fast $500 by turning the poor guy/gal in. Then again, he/she could be stealing it for his/her mother. You never know.

SCHOOL DAZE

There's a small battle brewing between the Board of Education and the Mayor's Office in New York City over a Hollywood film script. It seems the Mayor's people made a contract with MGM Pictures to film *Hot Lunch,* a controversial picture about exceptional high school students which includes scenes of a student smoking pot, others arranging for an abortion, four-letter words and "rampant" sex. The Board of Ed denied the film company use of Manhattan's School of Performing Arts as a shoot location, citing those scenes. According to a Board spokesman, *"Blackboard Jungle* was seen as a standard for New York City public schools. I think we're still suffering the effect."

DEATH & HORROR: PART 2

Like blood and guts? Rough stuff? Well, flying on the success of its first sound effects album, BBC Records is now releasing a second lp, featuring a faked Hari Kari and the final gasps of strangulation! But these aren't as gross as number one's memorable cuts—a head wacked off by a machette and an eye sizzled by a hot poker. With this disc, you give your all!





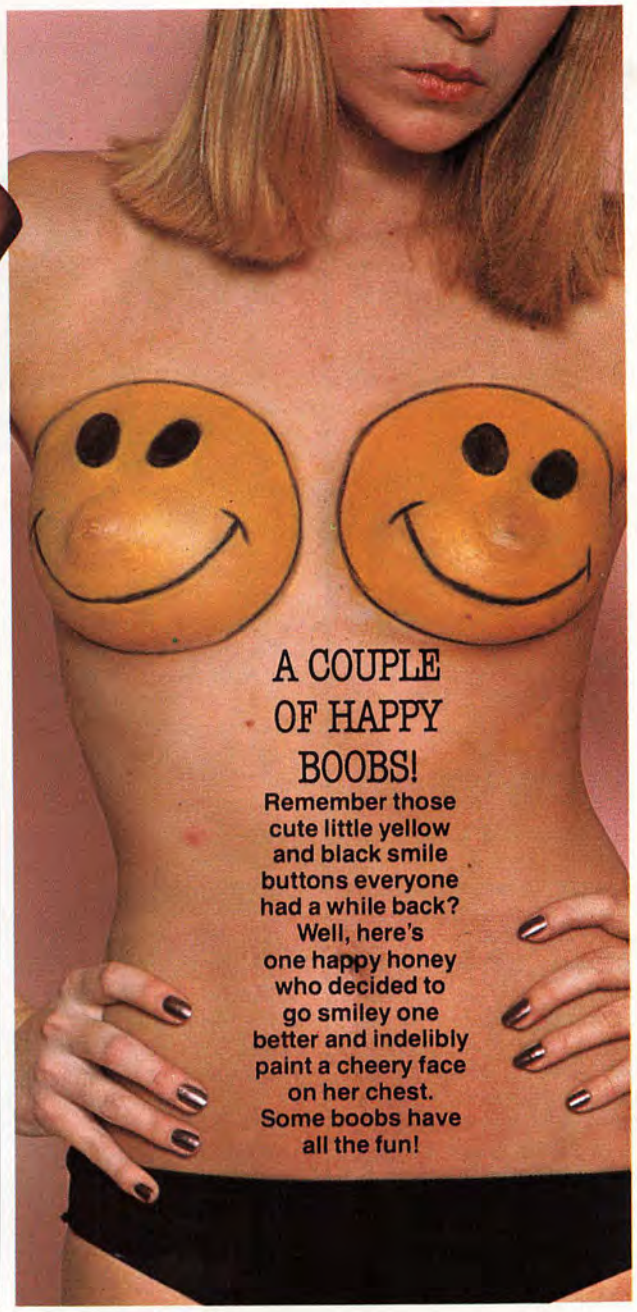
BLACK & BIG: SUPERDONG!

Wanna see the biggest cocks alive? A magazine guaranteed to make everyone's temperature rise? *Black Fever 2* ($8.50 Third World Studio, P.O. Box 520, Chicago 60690), features bonafide foot-long hot dogs! Get your (copy) today.



RONALD, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!

Rampant rumors connecting McDonalds with a Satan-worshipping cult lead thousands of people to boycott the burger magnate. A crock of shit said the Big Mac Ray Kroc; Ronald is a good guy.



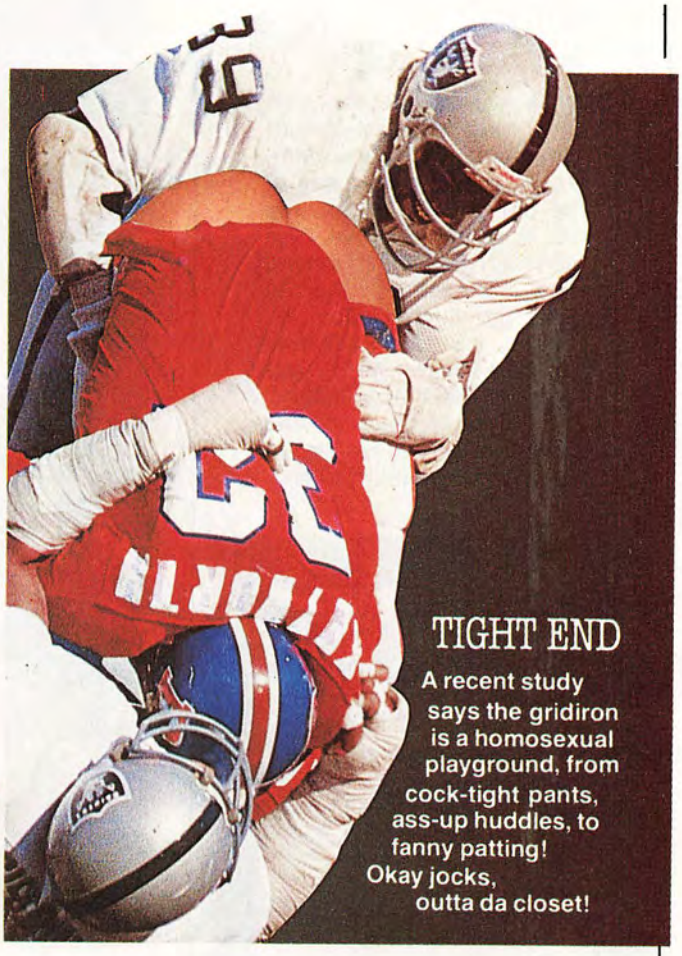
A COUPLE OF HAPPY BOOBS!

Remember those cute little yellow and black smile buttons everyone had a while back? Well, here's one happy honey who decided to go smiley one better and indelibly paint a cheery face on her chest. Some boobs have all the fun!



BODY BAGS

"People's bodies seemed the natural thing to do since I really like bodies and since I was, after all, working with skin," says artist Marcia Lloyd, who first started making wet-form leather bags and sculptures when she needed a belt. Her craft has taken off from there to become the sumptuous works of art pictured here. Marcia will custom-make a bag or sculpture for you. Write her: 143 Maple St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225.



TIGHT END

A recent study says the gridiron is a homosexual playground, from cock-tight pants, ass-up huddles, to fanny patting! Okay jocks, outta da closet!

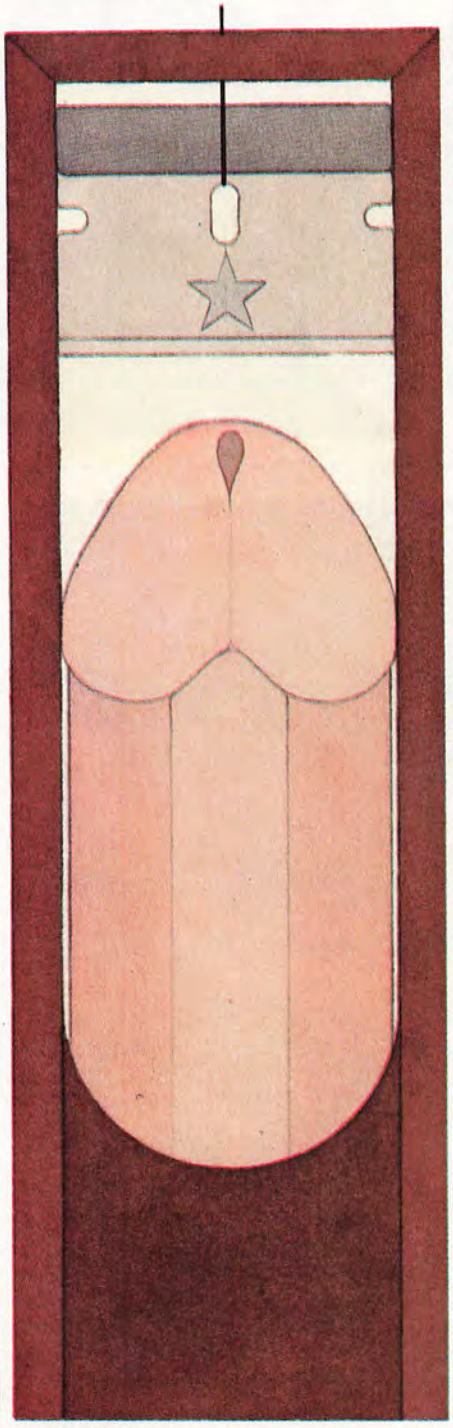


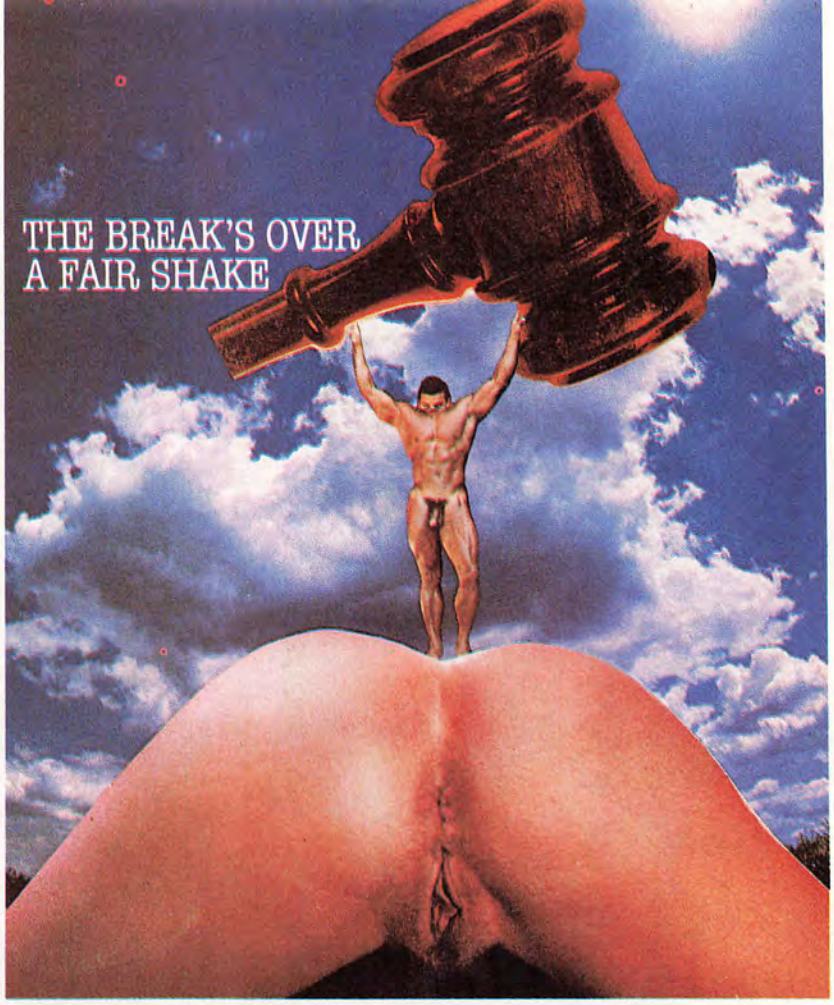
SUCK IT IN!

One leading European lingerie manufacturer says girdles are back in fashion, but with a twist: The corsets most in demand are for men!

SORRY, WRONG SLICE

A 30-year-old Kansas man scheduled an appointment with his doctor for a circumcision, but when the day of the operation dawned, his doc was out of town. The man then gave the go-ahead to a fill-in knife-pusher to make the mighty slice. Afterward, he found out that the substitute M.D. performed a vasectomy instead. The happy ending to this story? He settled for an undisclosed amount of cash.



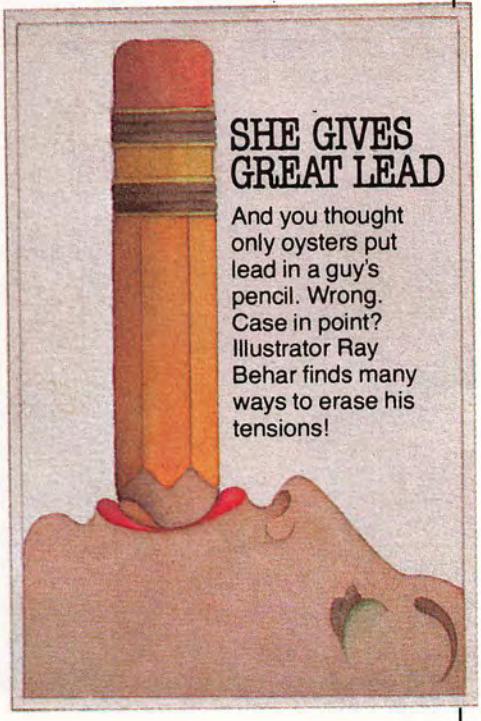


Guess why divorce is rampant in America? Give up? Okay, according to a *Redbook* magazine survey of marriage counselors, it's "the Women's Movement." The three most common reasons cited for divorce are: a breakdown in communications; the loss of shared goals and interests; and sexual incompatibility. Women's issues replaced both in-law and religious problems for marriage failures, especially with younger couples.



CAT CALL

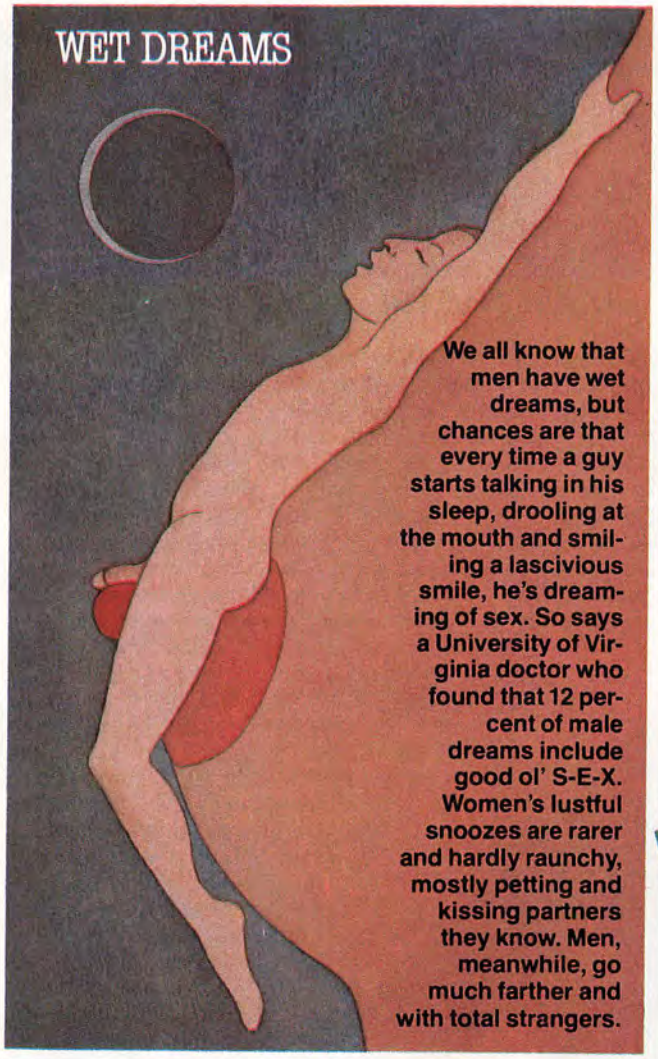
From the right angle, one posh New York City apartment building, The Essex House, looks like just another Times Square peep joint!



SHE GIVES GREAT LEAD

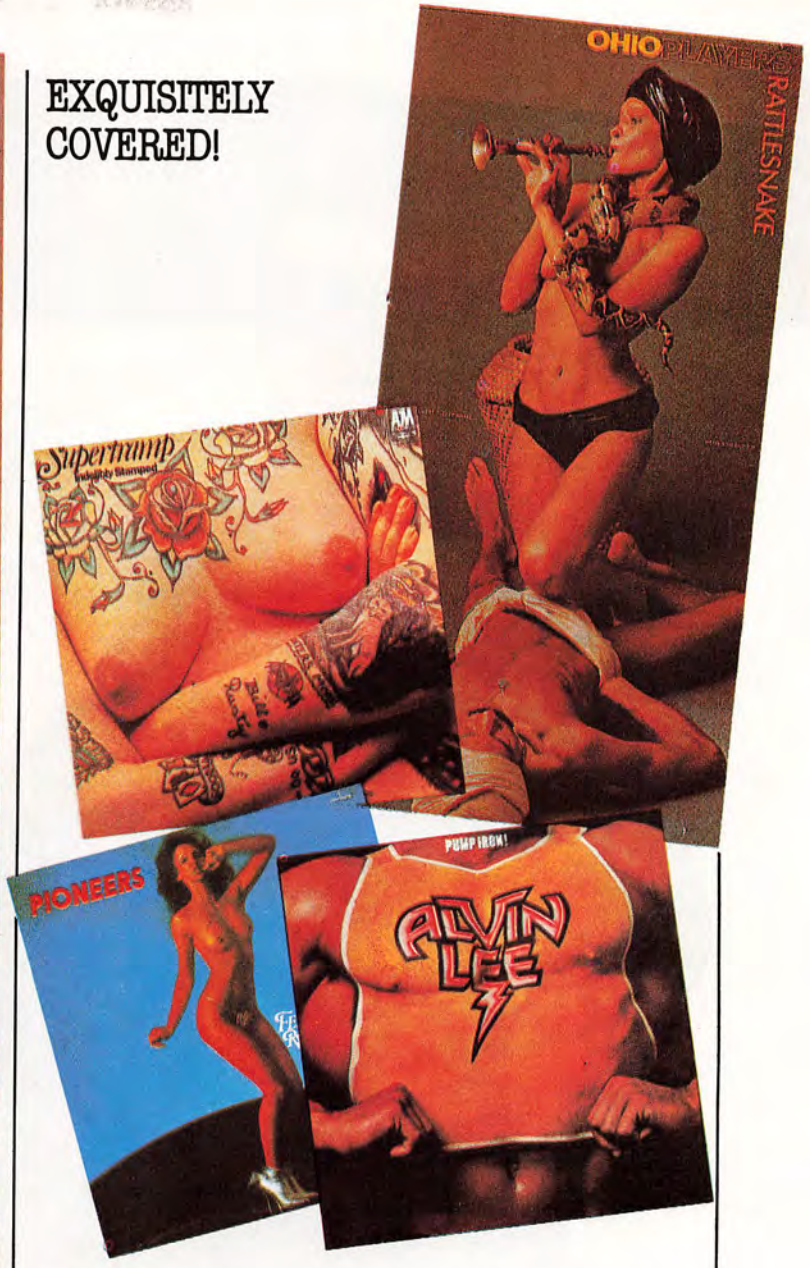
And you thought only oysters put lead in a guy's pencil. Wrong. Case in point? Illustrator Ray Behar finds many ways to erase his tensions!

WET DREAMS

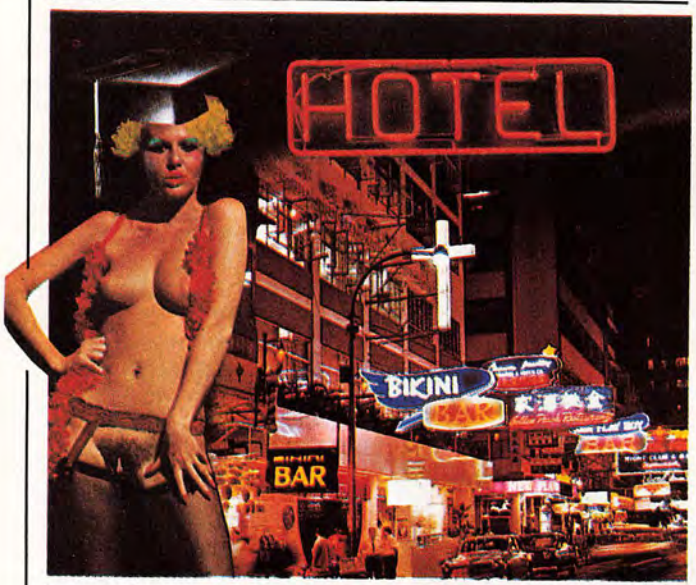


We all know that men have wet dreams, but chances are that every time a guy starts talking in his sleep, drooling at the mouth and smiling a lascivious smile, he's dreaming of sex. So says a University of Virginia doctor who found that 12 percent of male dreams include good ol' S-E-X. Women's lustful snoozes are rarer and hardly raunchy, mostly petting and kissing partners they know. Men, meanwhile, go much farther and with total strangers.

EXQUISITELY COVERED!

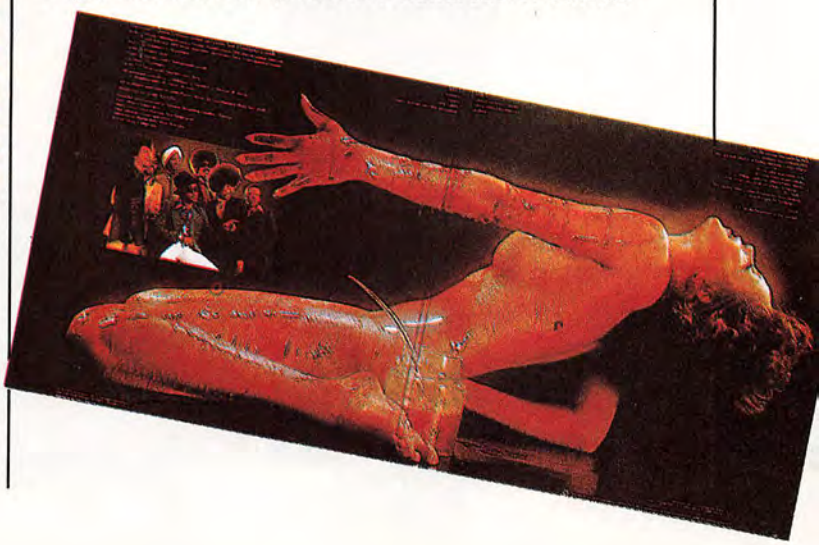


When is a jacket more than a sleeve? When it's a work of art by the masters of album cover design: Storm Thorgerson (Hipgnosis) and Roger Dean. Their latest compendium of great jackets, *The Album Cover Album*, ($10.95 at all bookstores or order from A&W Publishers, 95 Madison Ave., New York City 10016 plus 75¢ postage) is a colorful travelogue through rock music. Alice Cooper, the Beach Boys, Grateful Dead, Kiss and hundreds of others.



INFLATION TURNS JOHNS TO CHICKEN

Inflation has hurt everyone's pocketbook, but in Denver, where skyrocketing rates for blowjobs have backfired on the ladies of the night, prostitutes are feeling the pinch the most. Johns, upset by rising prices (as much as $50 a fling) and the increased number of rip-offs, are being driven into the hands of male prostitutes (or "chickens") who offer similar services at much lower rates.





OVER THE HILL, MY ASS!

Dear Gloria,

I'm a 55-year-old woman with a very good government position here in Washington. I still live in the house I used to share with my husband of 33 years, whom I divorced two years ago. He took off with a sweet young thing, and I haven't heard from him since.

The first year I was divorced only a few men showed interest in me. I thought this was due to my age and my silver hair because my build is fairly good; I measure 40DD-31-40. Six months ago I finally decided to start going to places where younger men seemed to congregate, and I have great news for women, women over 50: We're in demand! I swear, Gloria, guys in their late twenties and early thirties are very interested in "mature women," and they know what we like sexually and emotionally!

After a year and a half or so of using my fingers as only we women know how, I made it with a twenty-seven-year-old man. But he didn't just fuck me; he held me, caressed me, kissed me many times, and then went down on me in the most wonderful way. Gloria, he made me feel like a woman, something I hadn't felt like since my husband left me for a younger woman. Then he fucked me, but not just in my vagina. I let him have my ass, even though it hurt until he got it in. But the pain turned to pleasure because I wanted him to experience every opening of my body. I wanted him to have all of me because he made me feel as though I was being respected both as a female and a person. I felt he was entitled to all of me, in whatever way he wanted me.

I have three boyfriends now, all of them younger than me by about 28 years. God, Gloria, they're young enough to be my sons!

Talk To Me

But they all treat me beautifully in public and in private, but in bed I've found that I love being submissive to them because they treat me with such love, tenderness and respect outside of bed. I never knew men could really treat me in such a way that I'd do anything and everything they wanted and enjoy it so much. Oh, yes, it's a two-way street, and the three of them do many things for me sexually that I want them to do, too, and none of us get embarrassed or nervous. We just accept it!

These young men have told me separately that mature males in their late twenties and early thirties have found women in their late forties through mid-fifties the most sensual and interesting! That's points for us fillies over fifty, finally!

Mrs. N.B.
Silver Springs, Md.

Dear N.B.,

You should be an inspiration to all women who think that over-fifty means over the hill. Let's face it, most men are married to women, not girls. Since so many men are consumed by vintage cars, vintage wines, etc., there's no reason vintage women shouldn't be in equal demand.

STAR TRACKS

Dear Gloria,

Congratulations to *High Society* for a job well done! The recent pictorial on Angie Dickinson is a worthy addition to your earlier features on such well-known beauties as Jacqueline Bisset, Cheryl Tiegs, and Suzanne Somers. If there is one subject I really enjoy it is looking at famous tits and asses. I suggest that this should be a sacred mission of *High Society*—to provide Americans with a real look at their most delicious celebrities, and not the kind provided by those damn talk shows. Some of your future subjects could be Adrienne Barbeau, who appeared nude in an off-Broadway play, or Natalie Wood, who has had several nude scenes in movies that were left on the cutting room floor. Or perhaps Sally Struthers, who appeared in the all-together in the movie *Five Easy Pieces.* So keep up the good work, and I hope



to see more of this type of thing in future issues.

Yours truly,
J.P.
Detroit, Michigan

Dear J.P.,

We've been receiving an incredible amount of thank you mail on our famous foxes. It's only the tip of the iceberg, however, as we plan to continue our policy of bringing you the best in celebrity breast. Look for our special edition of High Society *on the stands, titled* Celebrity Skin. *If you liked Angie, Suzanne, Cheryl and Jackie, you'll love this high-voltage volume containing page after page of pulsating personalities!*

TWIN TWAT

Dear Gloria,

I'm only 19 years old, but recently I had a far-out experience. I'd just got my first car as a graduation present, but I ran short of money so I spent most of the summer waxing and working on my car in my parents' garage.

About two years ago, a couple moved in next door. They were in their early thirties, and I never really paid much attention to them until a few months ago. The husband had just been killed in an automobile accident, and my parents told me I should be nice to Janette, the wife.

When my parents left on vacation, I stayed home alone. The first day they left, Janette came over about nine in the morning. I was still in bed and got up to answer the door. She needed some eggs, so I let her into the kitchen while I went to the bathroom. I was in the middle of pulling out my semi-hard cock when Janette walked in the door and froze as she stared at what was in my hand. She quickly rushed out, apologizing for the intrusion.

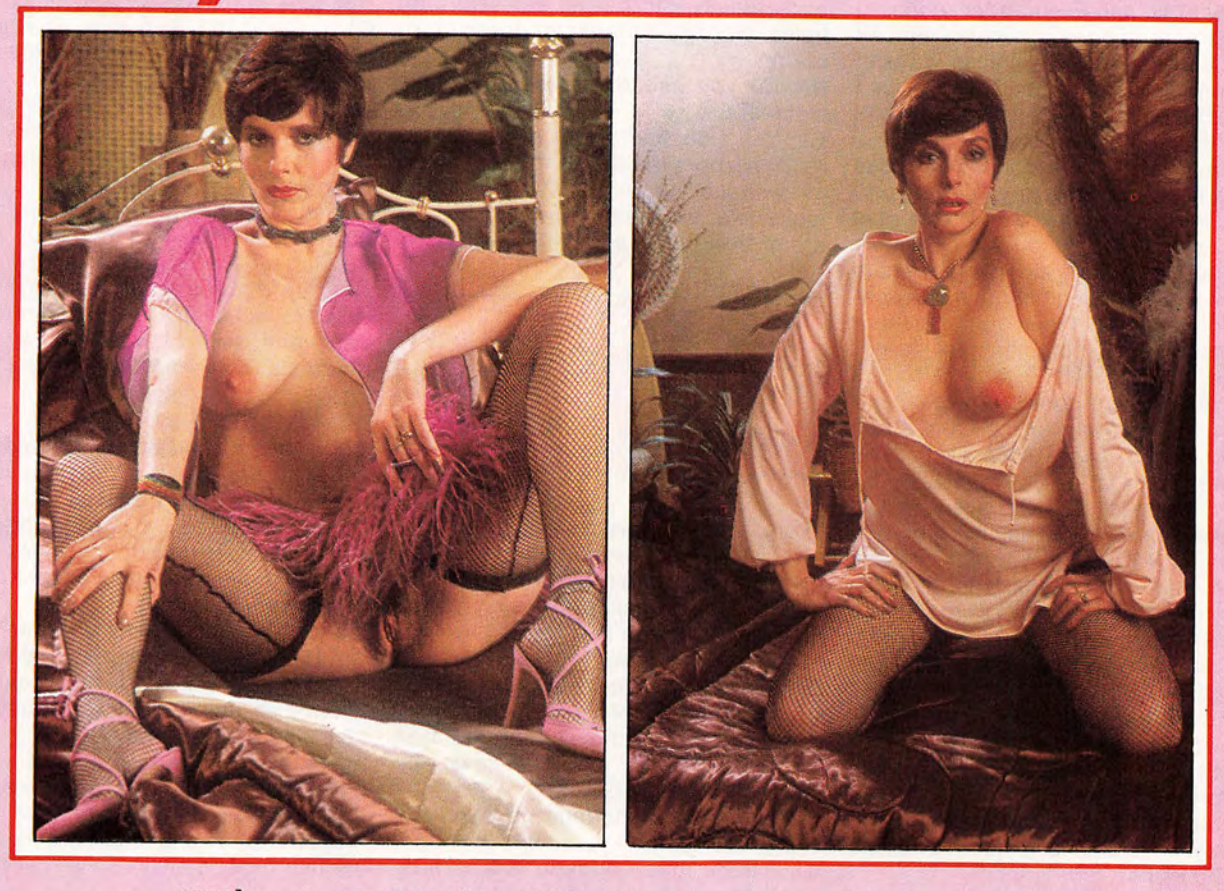
For the next four days Janette came over at least once a day just "to check on me." On the fourth morning, I was awakened by the shower running in the bathroom. I nearly died when Janette came into my room wrapped in a towel (the only girl I had ever seen naked in my life was in a magazine!) When she dropped the towel, her slim body was illuminated by the morning sun, and my cock immediately became as hard as a rock! She came over to the bed and kissed me and told me she was going to teach me some things I could use on my girlfriends at school. I was helpless as she undressed me and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

Hey, all you hot and heavy breathers, you can blow in my ear by sending me your randy, dandy thoughts. Passion or problem, I love hearing from you. So don't forget to write! Stick it in (the mail) to: Gloria Leonard, *High Society*, 801 Second Avenue, New Your, N.Y. 10017.



More Than All About Gloria Leonard



"Whenever possible, I always try and make the most of a sex scene. I mean, shit, how many opportunities do I get to fuck all those cute pretty boys?"

Sexy, leggy and downright frank Gloria Leonard interrupted her hectic schedule of conventions, television appearances filmmaking and, of course, hot humping, to talk and spread for this issue. Read on as the Queen of Quim tells High Society *readers all they've ever wanted to know (but were never too afraid to ask!) about herself.*

HIGH SOCIETY: *Do you masturbate?*
GLORIA LEONARD: Of course I masturbate. Doesn't everyone?
HS: *We'd say most everyone. But how about you, do you have any special technique?*
GL: I'm really not into aids and devices too much. I enjoy manipulating my own body to orgasm—although sometimes I whip out the old vibrator or dildo and see what they're all about. But I prefer myself.
HS: *In your new film,* All About Gloria Leonard, *you used a vibrator that looked like Santa Claus. Do you ever use it at home.*
GL: No. Unfortunately, it was only a prop, but it definitely stole the scene in the movie.
HS: *It definitely did. When do you*

masturbate?
GL: When I'm horny.
***HS:** What times of the day do you generally get horny?*
GL: There are no particular times. Sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon, late at night, in the middle of the night . . . whenever.
***HS:** What gets you horny?*
GL: Sometimes nothing in particular, and at other times something very specific.
***HS:** Name some specifics.*
GL: An erotic line, a thought, a picture . . . it depends on the circumstances. Being with certain people will make me horny, so when I get home I want to masturabte.
***HS:** How do you feel about anal sex?*
GL: It has to be with a really special person with whom I've already had preliminary sex. I think anal sex is a very intimate act. Even under optimum bedroom conditions it can be difficult for sexual experts. So unless it's with someone especially sensitive, I don't dig it. But when I do it with someone I really dig, I love it!
***HS:** How do you feel about big cocks versus small cocks? Do you enjoy one more than the other when you give head or screw?*
GL: Well, while I go along to a certain degree with the adage about quality being more important than quantity, there is something to be said for larger cocks.
***HS:** What do you consider larger?*
GL: To me anything over six and a half inches. I did a couple of films with John Holmes. John is, as you know, by far one of the most well-endowed men in the world. However, balling him was painful, and I consider myself capable of accommodating a fairly large cock. But when I came back from France (where the film was made) I had to go to my docotr and get creams to soothe my insides.
***HS:** How big is his cock?*
GL: I didn't take the liberty of embarrassing him by measuring it while we were on the set. But I would say at full mast—and he does get fully erect, at least he did for me—it's about twelve inches.
***HS:** How do you feel about bisexuality?*
GL: Great.
***HS:** Does that apply to men with men as it does to women with women?*
GL: Well, to me anything that goes on between consenting adults is okay. I know that sounds corny and cliched, but that's really what I believe. I think bisexuality is very healthy. I think people who repress their desires to get it on with members of their own sex are going to wind up very unhappy. Theoretically, we are all half-man and half-women. It took one of each to get us here. And you have to be able to respond to that other set of your genes. There's absolutely nothing wrong with it.
***HS:** Have you ever had any bisexual experiences?*
GL: Oh, I've had many.
***HS:** Are you the aggressor or the passive partner?*
GL: I never got into butch or fem role playing. And I really don't like getting into it with a man, either. I think that at times it's fun to be the aggressor. At other times it's fun to be the passive one. It applies in my bisexual relationships as well.
***HS:** How do you feel about swinging?*
GL: Well, I'm not into swing clubs. I think they're good and they definitely serve a very useful purpose. But I personally do not like going into swing clubs because I'm usually recognized. Besides, I prefer my sex a little more private than that. Even though I'm occasionally into having sex with multiples, *menage a thousand* doesn't turn me on.
***HS:** Do you like to dress up in sexy clothes?*
GL: Yes, I do, and I think every woman really harbors the desire to be a pin-up in a magazine, no matter what she looks like, no matter how big her tits are or how flabby she thinks her ass is.

"I like being in bed with somebody, touching feet against feet."

Every woman has sex appeal, and given the right wrappings, such as wonderful negligees and sexy underthings, she can look sexy. Their men will see them in a whole new light in a black negligee.
***HS:** How do you feel about leather?*
GL: I like the feel of it. I think everybody does. It's smooth and wonderful. But as for wearing it for sex, I've never explored it thoroughly.
***HS:** How about bondage? Do you like being tied up?*
GL: I think mild bondage is a turn-on because psychologically we're all either dominant or submissive in our relationships. We carry that over into our sexual psyches. I like it in a tame form. In *All About Gloria Leonard* we used silk scarves to tie up the wrists and velvet ropes and roses and things like that. If it's done with romance and elegance it can be very nice. But I'm not into whips and chains. I don't think there's anything sexy about getting the shit beat out of me.
***HS:** How do you feel about tying up a man and being the dominant partner?*
GL: I could dig that.
***HS:** Do you like to talk dirty in bed?*
GL: Sure, and I like to hear dirty talk, too.
***HS:** How about fantasies? Do you share fantasies with a sexual partner?*
GL: Yes, if I feel comfortable enough to get down with somebody, I will, but sometimes it scares men off.
***HS:** Why?*
GL: Because I think men are intimidated by women's new-found sexual aggressiveness. For years, men had to live up to this male-macho thing about women as their conquests, but now men are becoming women's conquests. I don't know if they're wearing that hat too comfortably.
***HS:** If you had someone that you considered very sexy in your bedroom spread-eagled and tied to the bed, what would you do to him or her?*
GL: I'd like to tease them for a long time.
***HS:** How would you tease them?*
GL: I would lick and kiss and caress every part of their body, from their feet to their eyes to their mouth. I would just teasingly dart my tongue at the genitalia. I'd save that for the very, very last until they were screaming and begging.

If she's a chick, I'd love to tug at her lips and clit with my mouth with a soft sucking motion. But it's much more fun tying up a guy than a chick, so in that case I think I'd suck his cock, fondle his balls and test him to see how he responds to anal pressure. I also might fuck him in the ass.
***HS:** What would you do next?*
GL: After I fucked him up the ass with either my finger or a dildo, I would want to take my pleasure as well. However, I get pleasure out of giving pleasure since I can get off without physical encounter or stimulation. I can also get off sucking a guy's cock.
***HS:** Do you think that's unusual?*
GL: I've asked other ladies and it does seem to be rare. But I didn't really get into my sexuality until I was about 28 or 29. When I was married to my ex-husband, I was repulsed by oral sex. I never gave him head when we were first married. I was twenty-seven or maybe even twenty-eight before I gave my first great blowjob, one that I really enjoyed.
***HS:** Can you tell us about it? What inspired you to want to give someone a great blowjob?*
GL: Because I started fantasizing about having a cock. When I suck cock, I imagine that it is my cock. If I had a cock and could suck it, this would be the way. I think that's why I give great head.
***HS:** Do you like being eaten?*
GL: Yes, of course.
***HS:** How?*
GL: With an adventurous tongue.
***HS:** Fast, slow, rough, tough, hard, gentle?*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



LORRAINE

European-born Lorraine is as comfortable on the French Riviera as she is on old Cape Cod, but she prefers American men.





Lorraine's blonde good looks and sun-baked, heavenly body have waylayed more than one seafarer. "The sound of the pounding of the surf and the feel of the foam gliding up my crotch make me so uncontrollably horny that my pussy tingles with anticipation," she says. Although Lorraine likes brightly colored bathing suits, she prefers not wearing one at all. "When I wear my sexiest suit, I always heat up, and I start fantasizing wildly about some sea-rover I would love to be shipwrecked with."


"American men are kinkier, more relaxed, and more satisfying in bed than Europeans. I just love making it with lots of different men."



BE A HIGH SOCIETY



YOU AND YOUR GIRL CAN WIN BIG $$$$$

Come on guys, grab your camera and your prettiest girlfriend and enter her photograph in our brand new COVER GIRL Contest. Each girl selected as a monthly winner will receive a $500 CASH award, plus an opportunity to enter the annual play-offs for the year's BIG BUCKS AWARD of $5,000.

YOU guys can become eligible for a special cash award, too. If the girl you photographed is selected the COVER GIRL OF THE YEAR, you will win $1,500 in cash and be assigned one of *High Society's* own professional models for a special pictorial.

Each and every girl whose photograph appears in this section every month will receive a special $35 cash award. Don't forget to fill out the entry blank on the next page and have it notorized. Hurry up, men, the money is burning a hole in our pockets!

COVER GIRL
(AND CENTER SPREAD)



ENTRY BLANK & MODEL'S RELEASE FOR THE NEW HIGH SOCIETY COVER GIRL PHOTO CONTEST

Enclosed is a photograph of my _____ (wife, girlfriend, friend, etc.).

Her name is _____

She is _____ years old.

Her occupation is _____

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MODEL'S NAME (please print clearly) _____

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MODEL'S SIGNATURE _____

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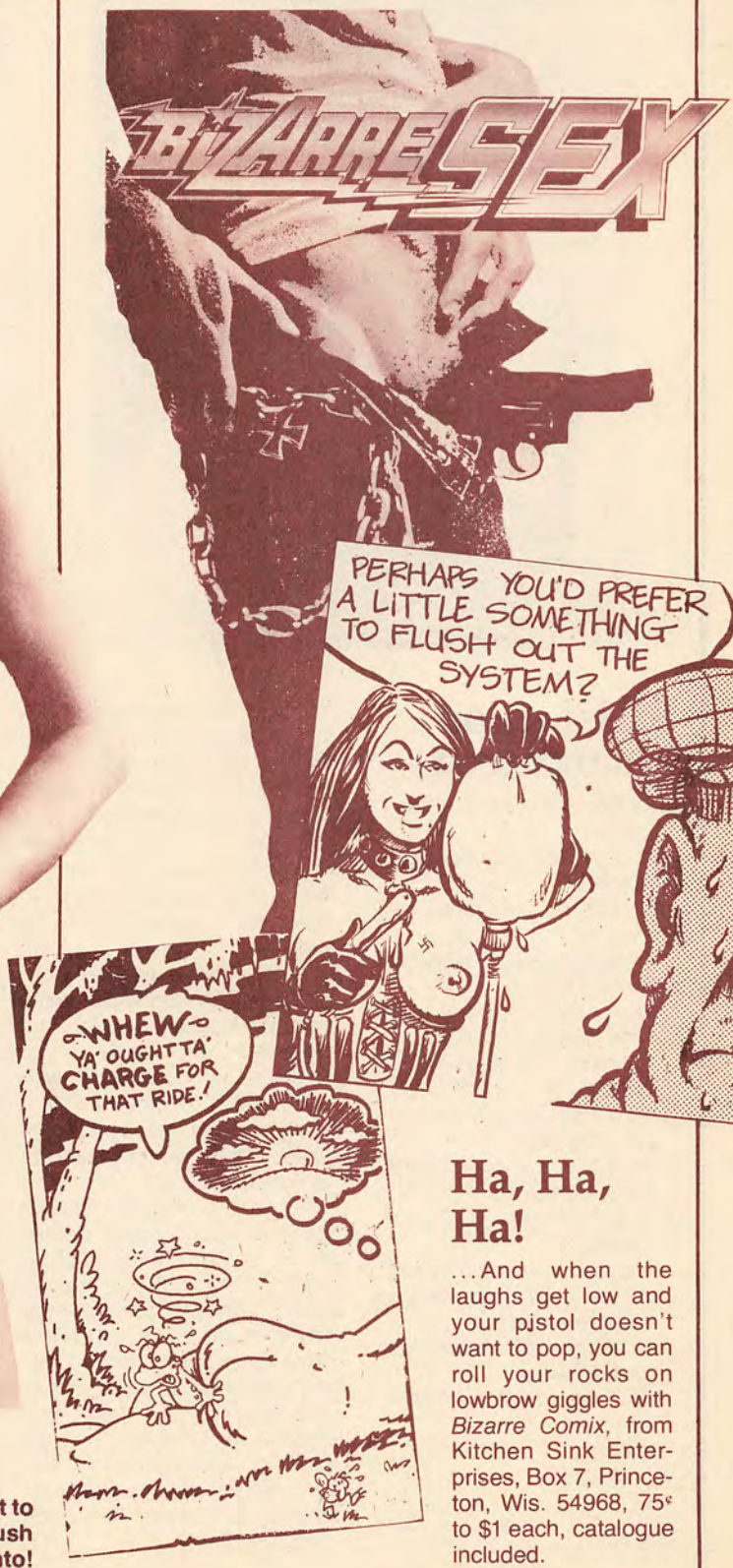
"Cigarette?"

HIGH TIMES



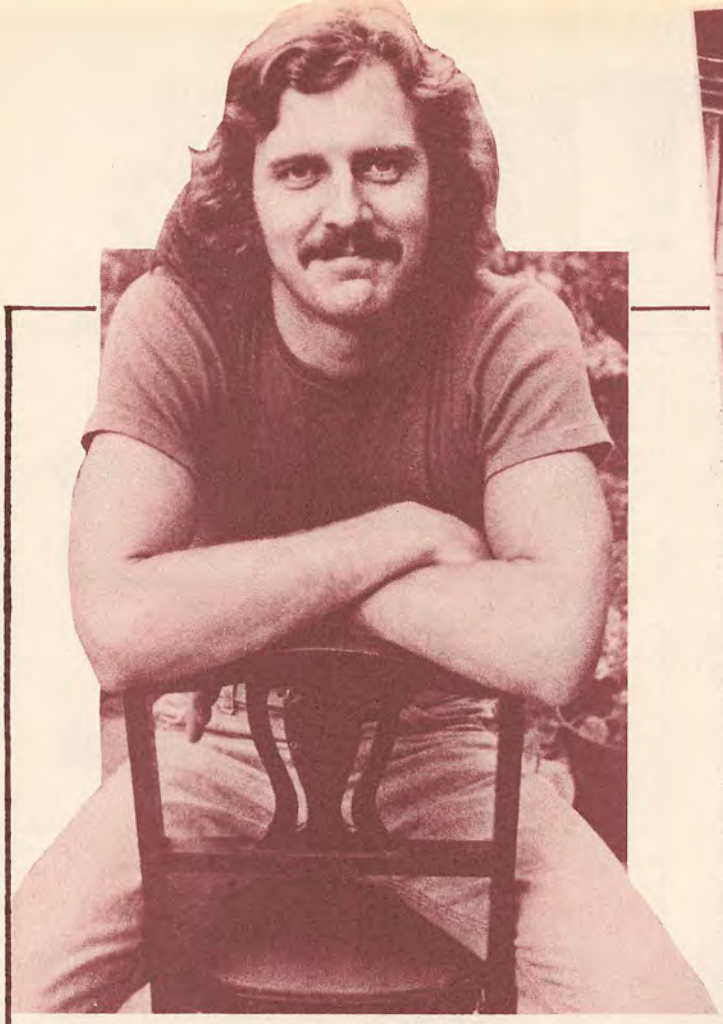
Belly Bomber

Now here's a poster to rival all those sexy pin-ups out to make big bucks on boobs! This little lady has the bush any man would give his left nut to do a kamakasi dive into!



Ha, Ha, Ha!

...And when the laughs get low and your pistol doesn't want to pop, you can roll your rocks on lowbrow giggles with *Bizarre Comix*, from Kitchen Sink Enterprises, Box 7, Princeton, Wis. 54968, 75¢ to $1 each, catalogue included.



Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let's play Me-and-You, don't you want to?
Take a great big bite of the Apple...
What the hell...might as well
Let's play Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Bunny
Let's play Grizzly Bear-Finding-Honey
Let the lukewarm milk of precaution be spilt—
It's full-tilt
When I first saw you there in your Danskin
Then the wolf jumped out of the lambskin
And a blush came over your cheeks
In the room filled with freaks
Can't you read these thoughts I've been thinking?
Let's escape all this Smoking and Drinking
Let's drive out to the River of Sea
And dive in
Skin to skin.

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For those readers who are unacquainted with Michael Franks, his sexy new lp, *Tiger in the Rain* on Warner Bros. will be a real delight to discover. A combination of jazz and funk with a little samba thrown in, this is the ultimate album to make love to, when you're not listening to it just for fun. Not only are Franks' lyrics a wonderful play on words with many an erotic double meaning, but the way in which he takes you on a sensual musical high with his laid-back voice, a great string section and a flutter of flutes is the perfect setting to get great head by.

For jazz buffs, you will find some of your favorite people on this lp: Ron Carter on bass, Bucky Pizzarelli on guitar, David Sanborn and George Young on sax and the vocals of Flora Purim on *When It's Over* and *Lifeline*. For those of you who are *not* jazz fans, this album is the best way to break into the sensuous, sexy and very-condusive-to-lovemaking sounds of Michael Franks. We rate it HOT!





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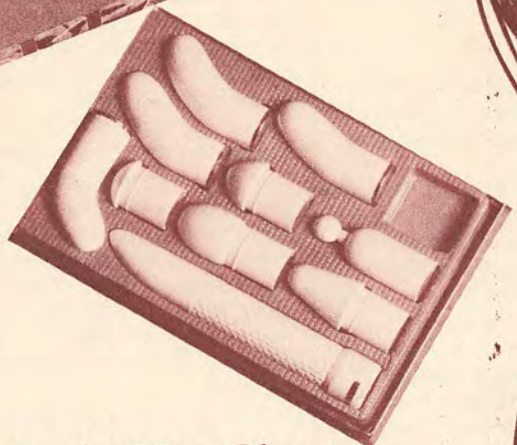
Massaging Their Message

If there's one thing the '70s deserve credit for, it's ridding the world of subliminal advertising. Now fashion ads are moving into the obvious, overt '80s. They're selling sex not nighties in these Helmut Newton—Eyes of Laura Mars-like photographs!











Pleasure in Her Chest

There's a new product line—from the top: For Lover's Only, a game for couples ($8.50); Peniz Oil, for a well-greased slide ($3.50); curved vibrator and detachable heads ($18); Cat-o-nine-tails ($22.50)—at the Pleasure Chest, 20 W. 20th St., New York City 10011 (212) 242-4185.



HAIR

If you haven't laid eyes on *Hair* by the time you're reading this, kick yourself hard. Milos *(One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest)* Forman has crafted together a perfect movie musical. What *West Side Story* was to the sixties, *Hair* will be to the seventies. From Twyla Tharp's wondrously eccentric choreography to Michael *(Moonchildren)* Weller's honestly nostalgic script, nothing can be faulted. In reality, the Broadway show about drugs, sex, and the futility of war has actually been improved upon. Unique then, uniquer now. Tell me where else you can hear a song about fellatio, sodomy and other delights, let alone one sung on horseback.

So mark my words; here's an all-time classic that will make John Savage's hippy-to-be a rival of Judy Garland's Dorothy in the coming decades, and LSD as memorable as a Munchkin. Accordingly then, if you have life, trip on down to this one quick.



HIGH TIMES



Laura's Desires

If you fancy sauerkraut, braunschweiger or Marlene Dietrich, you'll flip over *Laura's Desires*. A class act all the way, this German film is dubbed with deadpan earnestness causing, at times, unintentional hilarity. But who cares? Orgasms and chuckles go together like Kaiser Wilhelm and World War I—splendidly.

Starring Siegrun Thiel (a blonde version of Mary Hartman's sister) as a boutique owner who cannot get enough sex, *Laura's Desires* starts off with a throbbing sensuousness that perseveres until "the end" lights up the screen. Take note especially of the dinner scene where the French maid is dessert—it's as ooh-la-la as you can get.

What's even more fascinating, though, are the cultural differences of American and German flicks. In *Laura's Desires,* all the nymphs wear expensive panties, the studs' bodies are de-emphasized and most cocks are uncircumcised. In the good ol' U.S. of A., there are no panties on display, total male nudity and a handful of uncut cocks.

So catch Laura and her yens for a change of pace. It's a four-star schnitzel of savory celluloid, believe me.



Sex Roulette

Sex Roulette has restored my faith in the orgasm. Finally here, without a doubt, is an outrageously kinky, highly erotic and even revolutionary porno film. Never, I repeat never, will anyone who experiences this flick not consider men over sixty and black dwarves unsexy.

This is the story of Lord Robert de Chamoix, a retired gambler, his tiny servant Balthasar and his insatiable niece Veronique (Vanessa Melville, a blonde to end all blondes). The three travel throughout the great casinos of Europe winning millions while fucking hundreds. And besides pouring salad dressing on tits, having a virgin gang-banged, masturbating, commiting incest, participating in orgies, and fantasizing about pregnant women, these horny folks have time to eat, drink and nap; all in less than two hours. I'm lucky if I accomplish the last three in a day. So by all means spin yourself into a seat for *Sexual Roulette,* because everyone leaves it a winner (even if they leave a load behind).



Serena,
An Adult Fairytale

When "You may fuck and suck until midnight" comes from the lips of a fairy godmother, I know I've regained interest in Hans Christian Anderson. In this trendy remake of Cinderella, *Serena, An Adult Fairytale,* Daniel Webster seems to have had a ball of a time writing the script. Sadly, director Fred Lincoln has filled the moments between dialogue with deadly boring sex scenes. The acting, and it can barely be called that, has no conviction, charisma or excuse.

Not surprisingly, China Leigh steals the show even though she appears to be on Quaaludes. She's just gorgeous. As for Serena, she holds her own in the title role. And thank heavens, her ass blemishes are disappearing and she seems to be healthy again. But Jamie Gillis is another story. This guy might have a cock but the rest of him is detrimental to arousal. I can see why in many flicks a girl is sitting on his face.

So if it's a rainy day, your TV is broken and *Serena* is the only show in town, stay home and read a book.

BORED **PANTING**

AROUSED **IN HEAT**

HIGH TIMES



Cum Into My Parlor

"I've been doing portraits of women since I was sixteen," begins photographer Eric Kroll in *Sex Objects* (Addison House Publishers, $9.95). "It wasn't until Denver that I saw a theme—women who make money through their bodies." So unfolds a stark, stirring, sometimes sad, yet always realistic story of women who work in massage parlors, selling their flesh to men who need relaxation and even understanding. Most of the girls Eric profiles say they are only in it for the money, which, despite rumors that they can make a fortune giving head, sucks, they say. The book sums it up: it's just another way to earn a living! Sad but true!



The Amorous Astrologer



The Amorous Astrologer is written exclusively for *High Society* by the predictably accurate Madam Valtara, renowned *seer* specializing in love signs. She is associated with the Academy of Astrology and the National Council for Geocosmic Research, and is a member of several national and international astrological societies.

GEMINI
May 21 to June 20

Gemini, you'll probably sigh when you read this, but a good month lies ahead for you. Being you're a rather romantic sort, your fickled nature may get you into some squeamish situations with the ladies that would be better avoided. You haven't had those problems with too many women in such a long time that the stickiness of it all may be a welcomed adventure. Go ahead and totally throw yourself into it. After all, you Geminis are clever enough to worm your way out of any mishap. Besides, you just love to tell little white lies!

That rich bitch you met last month is still hot on your trail, or should I say tail. While the affair tends to fizzle the first two weeks of June, don't worry, she's just busy with other stuff. Meanwhile, you get bored with her "I can't, I have too much to do right now" routine and play with other friends instead of yourself. The best night out with the guys is on the 17th, when you could possibly meet the most fetching Aquarian you've ever feasted your eyes upon. You take to each other instantly, understanding each other as if you've always been

intimate friends. Your second night together in bed is a zinger, when her hot pink mouth sucks you off, you feel as if your cock is an exploding nuclear reactor plant.

The rest of the month is a whirlwind of wooing your two new women—and you love it.

CANCER
June 21 to July 22

Aren't you tired yet? Luckily, you do get a sex break. By that I mean a break from all that delicious cavorting with cunts, but it only lasts the first few days this month. June 2nd is particularly disappointing sexually and a must to avoid, egowise. I suggest you rest and reflect on your private affairs because they immediately pick up again.

For the next 10 days, your love life is a sizzler—burning, hungry pussies keep purring for your cock. You meet a new lady around the 12th who is as interested in water sports as you are. Your times together are total enjoyment, though sensitive for social engagements on the 18th. Whatever the two of you plan that day will either be exhilarating or extremely disappointing. Move with discretion. A difficult situation raises its nasty head on the 27th and poses problems for you and your pretty miss. Could it be a secret fling you had on the side? Better watch out!

I see family troubles brewing towards the last week, a close relative becomes very ill. Thus you end the month ensconced in family problems and have very little time left for the ladies. Any late-hour trick you try to turn on the 30th backfires.

LEO
July 23 to August 23

For you Leos, June will be an interesting month for love affairs, although your relationships with women aren't likely to last very long.

Business affairs tie up all your time for the first twelve days, so you probably won't give much thought to satisfying your sexual urges. Once work matters are in hand, you check into that lustful need burning below your belt. At an office party to introduce the new staffers who came on with the increased business, you meet a horny hussy with long, painted fingernails ready to claw their way down your back. The first night you spend with this hot bitch is more erotic than you ever dreamed—she turns you on the the delights of shoving it up her asshole while she takes those oversized nails of hers and fingers her clit to oodles of orgasms. The wall-sized mirror across from her bed gets you even hotter as you watch and plunge. While she creams and you ream, both of you scream with ecstasy. Although she appears to be glamorous and exciting, it's all illusion. After several hot nights together in bed, you find she hasn't much to offer in the way of a lasting affair and couldn't be less interested in trying. Since you are such a performer anyway, you drop all ideas of longevity and settle for intense rolls in the sack—and nothing else.

VIRGO
August 24 to September 23

Life is tough again this month, Virgo, especially in matters of the heart and dick. But chin up, it could be worse. . . you could become impotent! The first three weeks are busy, busy with business. You will be in the public limelight, so little time will be left for sexual socializing. I see lots of short jaunts, many work trips with side visits to friends and family. The second weekend, try to make a pleasureable overnight stop along the way with the big-breasted, big-bottomed blonde who so dearly loves to suck your cock. You may not have time, however—your socializing runs at such a hectic pace. You'll probably meet tons of women, but never have enough time to get to round the bases with any of them. Tsk, tsk, but what's to worry? Meet them now, score later is just as good a philosophy.

Married Virgos should be on their toes at all times when involved in affairs on the homefront. Partners are edgy and unpredictable nearly all month, so you best keep a clean slate and tread softly when coming home at indescrete hours.

LIBRA
September 24 to October 23

No wonder you're walking around with that pussy-eating grin from ear to ear this month, Libra. It's your karma in June to light up their lives—particularly their sex lives—that keeps you happy, healthy and extremely satisfied the entire month.

A sunny, sexy blonde (the kind that sets cocks a-throbbin') will fall for you around the 5th, so be on the lookout for her. She is one hot number you won't want to slip through your hands. And speaking of hands, once you've connected with her, you'll have a hard time keeping yours off her creamy, young thighs and out of her silky long hair. This gal is so well suited to your erotic nature, she turns into a steamy relationship that may well keep you grunting and groaning into the long, hot summer.

The 17th promises a mixed bag of surprises. A few close friends, of the female variety, slip into town and you're torn between your sexy blonde playmate and a few chills and thrills on the side. Ever clever, you finally decide to toss caution to the winds and invite your old friends over to join in a *menage a cinq* that will blow your mind. The best part is that your new lady loves all the attention she receives from the four of you and keeps your sexual energy level at its peak through the long, lusty night. All is well that ends well—and that's exactly where you wind up—in her curvy little rear, roaring like a lion and cumming like a sperm whale.

The remainder of the month is spent wining, dining and wooing your new friend, with moments of incredibly romantic sexuality that keep your lusty thoughts tuned into each other.

SCORPIO
October 24 to November 22

The Memorial Day weekend tryst turned into a week-long vacation, hey, Scorpio? Goody for you! You and that sexpot lover of yours are in for a fucktabulous week! Only, special care should be paid to June 2nd when the stars report "romantic ventures can easily end in broken relationships." Now that would be pathetic should you screw up your lovely liaison with a twisted turn of fate. Apparently the tension created between you on the second carries over, as the 7th and 9th will also be especially difficult days for your love affair. I suggest you try to be as loving, considerate and open to her ideas and desires as possible to avoid hassles. Maybe you should really splurge and surprise her. While she's basking in the sun or reading in the shade, slip into town, buy her a sexy new top or lovely dress and enclose a note—"to be worn to dinner with me tonight."

When you two return from your lusty interlude, you slowly settle back into routine. There's so much catching up to do that by bedtime, you're so pooped you could care less about draining your rocks. By the 17th,however, your creativity level is on a super high—you become so enthusiastic over all you've accomplished that you arrange to meet that special miss at an exciting night-spot—perhaps the new disco in town? All that gyrating pelvis makes you want to get into her cunt and fly! She grabs your swelling cock in the car on the way home, begins an escalating handjob and before you know it, your rocks take off in spasms of orgasms. You pull over to the side of the road, throw up her slinky dress and eat her flesy pink pussy right there! Delicious topping to a terrific night!

SAGITTARIUS
November 23 to December 22

All your pumping and humping last month has you weary as June opens, Sag. Too bad, because you turn down one of the best offers ever from a rich friend who wants you and your old

lady to spend the weekend with him and a couple of his kinky broads on his fabulous 45-foot yacht. You pass it by and opt for two days of lounging around your house, taking care of neglected business. By Sunday you both look at each other and sigh—it would have been more relaxing and certainly more enjoyable to be on a boat! Hey, life can't be fun in the sun all the time!

The next two weeks are unusually mundane, too, sorry to say, but look for a stirring, sky-high conclusion to June. Your company sends you on a week-long mission to London and the regular lady wants to come along. You talk the company into giving you the price of the first class ticket they intended to buy you, then exchange that for two Laker specials. Your trip in the skies is strickly no-frills thrills—just a plain, panting ocean crossing! By flying at night, you face daring, darkened excitement. The transatlantic flight opens with an R-rated movie and the joint you smoke in the head turns you both on, putting some needed zest into your wang. Under the indescrete little airlines-provided blanket, your old lady goes down on you—a mile high!

CAPRICORN
December 23 to January 19

Now that you have that gorgeous body of yours in shape, have a great sexual friendship under wraps, and a passion-packed hot and heavy affair going with the broad with the hairy armpits, what more do you need? Of course, when things are going this good, something is bound to go wrong. That's Murphy's Law, right?

Well, your June scenario unwinds something like this: All's going *too* well. The great sexual friendship has given you the keys to her place—obviously an open invitation to drop by anytime. One night around the 12th, 13th or 14th, after you've called her unsuccessfully for two days, you decide to drop by her place late at night, and, supposing she isn't home, you plan to leave a little something special—a bottle of Opium perfume you've encased in a beautiful porcelin box—under her pillow. As you enter the living room, you see wine glasses and pieces of clothing strewn on the floor. This is unlike this tidy lady, you think, to go off for a few days leaving glasses and clothes thrown around. Then, suddenly you hear moaning sounds eminating from the bedroom. As you approach the doorway, you stop. There, in her bed, is the woman you want so very badly, making it with the biggest, blackest stud you've ever seen! Your mind snaps; you are ready to kill...but hold on, cool it. She never gave herself exclusively to you, so don't get possessive. You could give her the best night of the year if you took off all your clothes and jumped in with the two of them. Chances are the dude won't be upset, either, and the babe will be thrilled to intergalactic orgasms!

AQUARIUS
January 20 to February 19

While you spent last month hard at work on your place and your career, this month, the stars say, is one when "Aquarians will probably get more fun out of their lives and activities." Whoopee!

The first three weeks are your cock's cornucopia. Loads of lovely, lusty ladies pad their tender little feet in and out of your bedrooms, wherever they may be. You see, you'll be traveling so much, between business trips and tacked-on vacations, that opportunities to meet new sweeties abound! Look at it this way: nothing good lasts forever, get it all while you can! As the stars say, be the master of your own destiny, make life happen the way you want it and make it happen *now!*

Okay, enough lecturing. By the second weekend of June you'll be the leading stud of the latest in-spot you visit. One week at the shore, another in a swinging city with tons of nightlife to dazzle your easily-impressed, ready-to-rise rod. The hottest honeys are the ones who stare back at you, deeply penetrating your lust-filled eyes. Look for glamorous brunettes and kicky blondes. They are all anxious to party.

PISCES
February 20 to March 21

Busy on the homefront for you water lovers this time around, particularly with entertaining friends, relatives and your old lady. You start the first weekend off with a wonderfully wicked backyard barbecue that gets more wild as the night grows on. Your steady woman or wife gets a half a load on, and begins talking dirty, probably something terrifically funny about doing it with a hot dog, while she dances around with a burned weiner on a stick! That turns everyone on. You force her against a wall, pushing your growing hotter-all-the-time weenie into her steaming crotch! Talk about hot buns!

That little backyard bash delights your sexual senses so much that you decide to have plenty more as the days pass, inviting your raunchiest friends. Parties do make the world go around *so* much better! The first twelve days are a blast, then, as the fun catches up with you, you tend to quiet down some, pleasantly getting into private bedtime bashes with your mate. The last week, however, activity perks up again; this time friends who loved the fun they had at your place start the partying. Be carful, though, a sudden attraction at one of these forays could lead to disaster, not only on your homefront, but also because the woman is nothing more than a teasing, lying bitch.

ARIES
March 21 to April 20

This should be an especially exciting, exhilarating month for those born under the sign of Aries. I'm speaking only in the most erotic terms! And, although I know how much you like a novel, kinky twist to the old in-out, in-out, this taste of yours could lead you into dire straits on the 2nd, 15th and 27th. Avoiding something different on those days and settle for a traditional dish if you want the month to be a hot, horny and happy one!

The first three weeks are the best for mental meanderings and living by your wits. So you will be preoccupied until the 13th with mind travel games and little time will be left for good old sex. After that, however, relationships enter a new, super-charged phase—plenty of raunch and rolls around, on top and inside your favorite pussy. Short trips strengthen existing affairs—absence makes the heart grow fonder maybe, but presence makes the cock grow harder, which is what this honey's been missing along with your kissing. Call her; write her nasty little notes with cum oozing out of every word! I promise she'll love you all the more for it when you finally arrive at her doorstep. Your hot days follow you everywhere as long as you turn up your heater!

TAURUS
April 21 to May 20

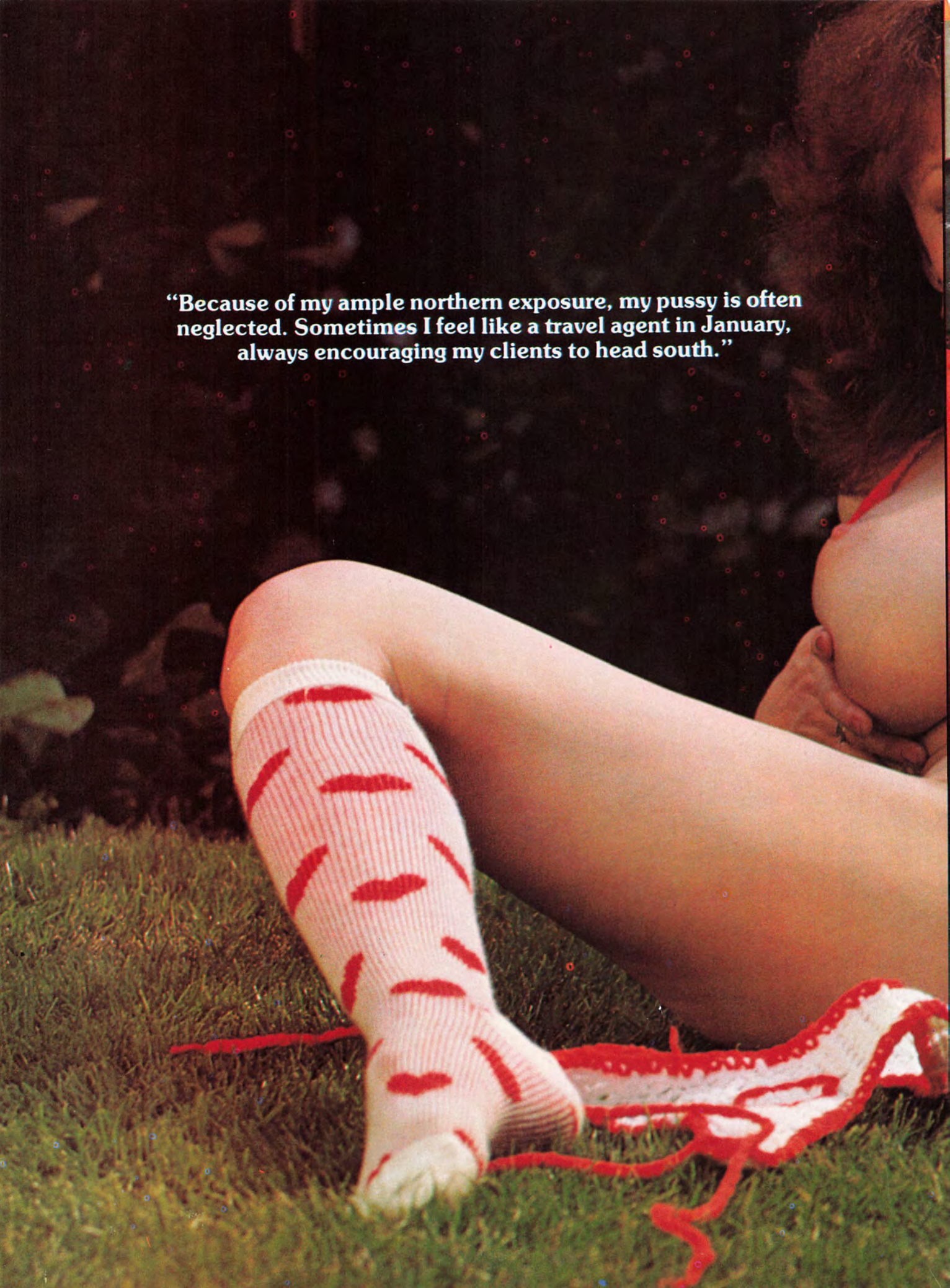
Money. Money. Money. Is that all you Taurean men ever think of? You spend the first three weeks of this month totally engrossed—I mean submerged—in schemes, deals and whizbang ideas to make more money.

Actually, you can take it because you are such a nice, considerate, easy-going guy. Also, you really like to blow your wad on your friends, most of all your women! Guess you suave guys really do know how to win friends and influence glamorous women into surrounding your lively manhood!

While making money, you'll be making short trips to wind up those dollar deals. All this movement helps you erotic ventures, which continue to be as happy and, luckily, successful as they were last month. Only watch it on the 2nd, tensions could end one of your happiest and longest affairs and that, in the long run, won't make you a happy, satisfied man. The rest of the month probably won't be that important sexually. Oh, you'll get it off once in a while, like when you think about it and turn your engines into high gear for some good pussy, but otherwise family and lovers will best serve your all-encompassing drive for more money! Your hot days are when you are most active; even hotter when you relax.



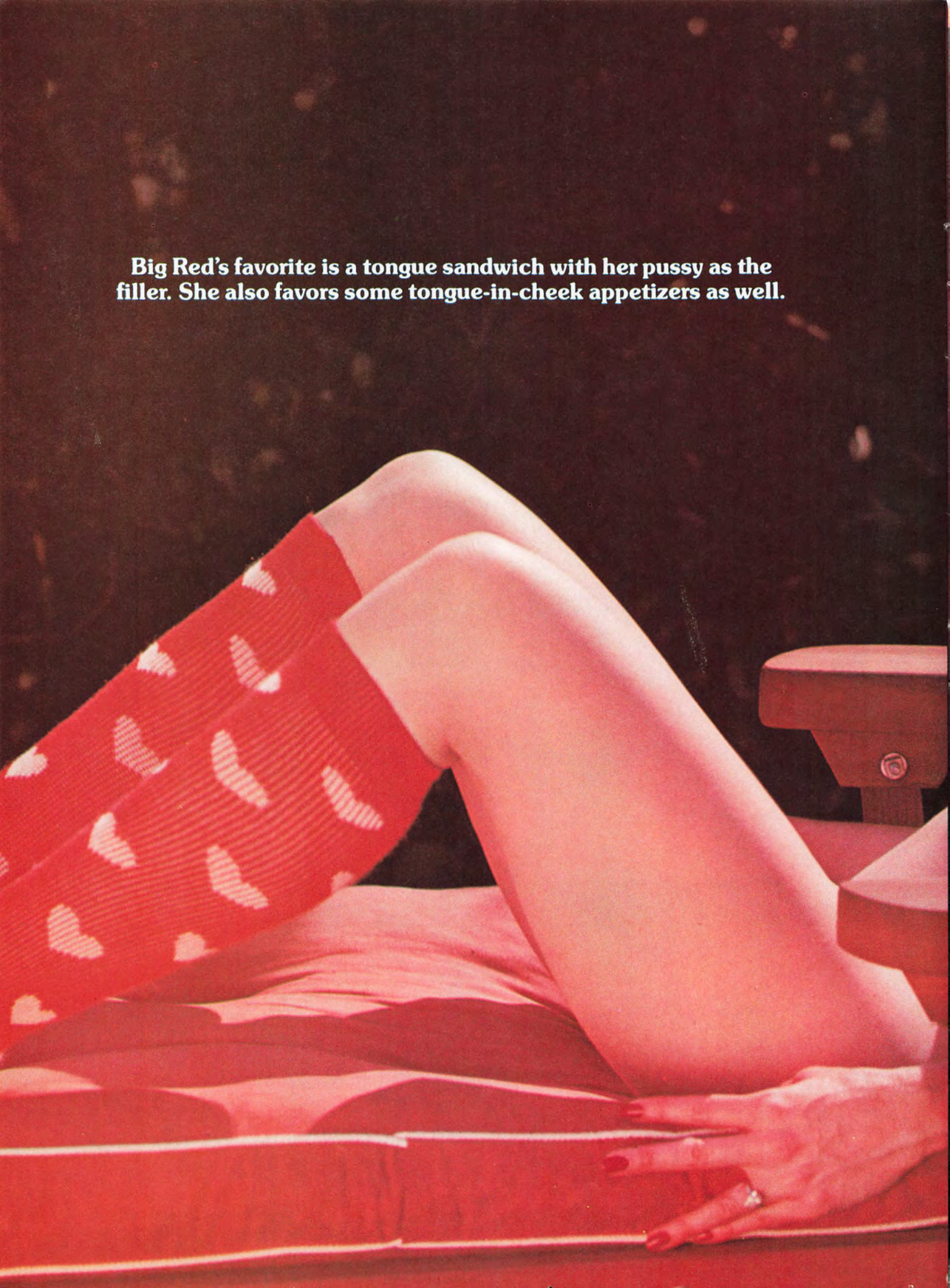

BIG
RED
A woman who enjoys
her leisure by the pool,
she's a natural
flotation mattress!


"Because of my ample northern exposure, my pussy is often neglected. Sometimes I feel like a travel agent in January, always encouraging my clients to head south."







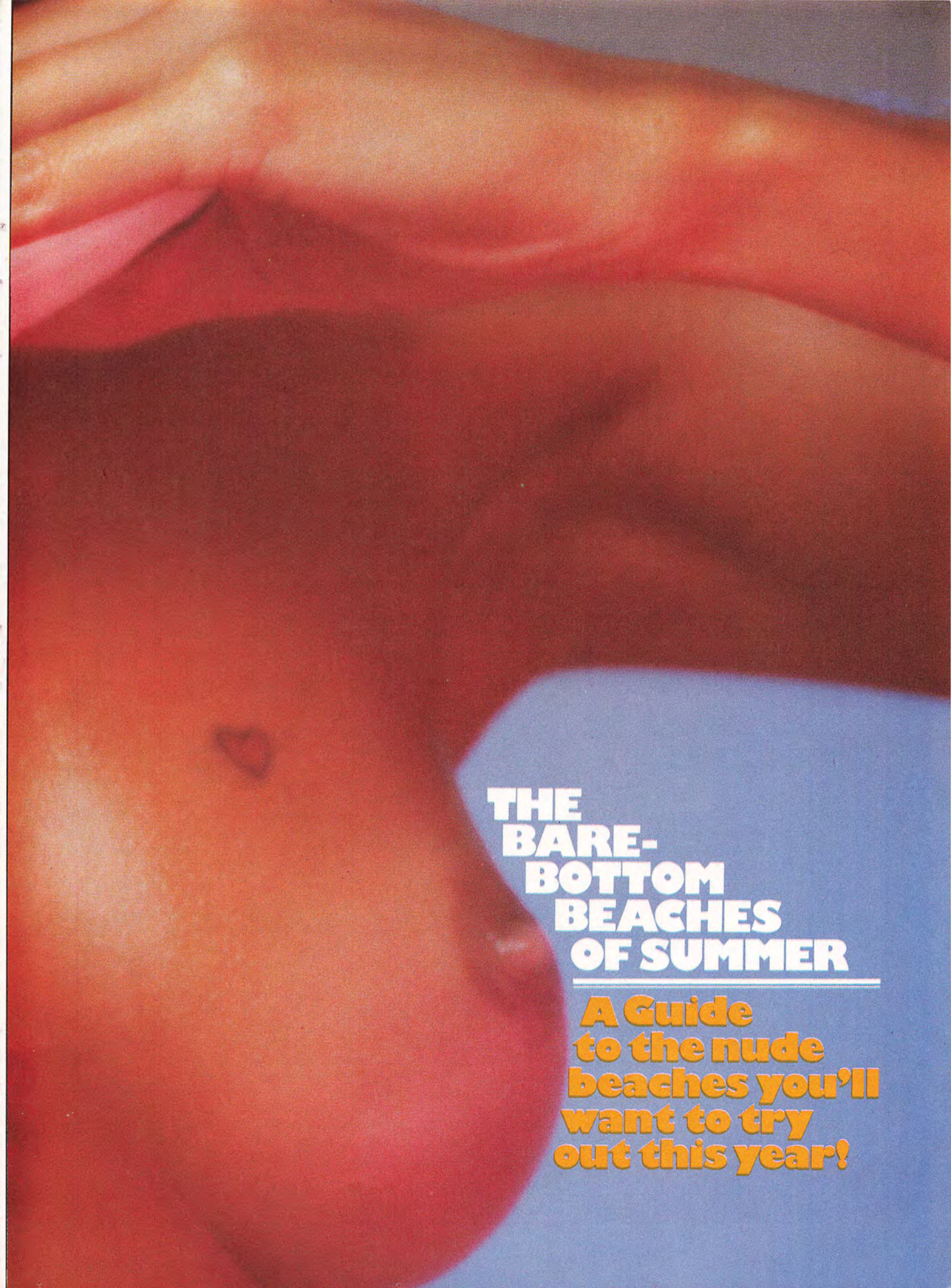

Big Red's favorite is a tongue sandwich with her pussy as the filler. She also favors some tongue-in-cheek appetizers as well.




"I desire a man every day. I make
love slowly, very slowly,
until I feel him fill
every inch of me. Then, we put
it on automatic pilot and
take off for the wild blue yonder."







THE BARE-BOTTOM BEACHES OF SUMMER

A Guide to the nude beaches you'll want to try out this year!

If you've never been to a free beach there are certain things to remember. First of all, don't go around taking pictures of every pair of boobs and/or buns you see because you're liable to have your camera and/or nose broken—unless, of course, you too are in the buff. Swimmers and sun-bathers who frequent public free beaches generally do so to get away from the hustle and bustle or monotony of their daily lives. They have no intention of becoming models for men's magazines, and if they did, they'd show their wares in the *High Society* photo studio, not free beaches.

But the skinny-dipper's etiquette goes beyond the picayune interests of part-time peeping toms. Oglers may be one of the larger pains in the ass skinny-dippers have to contend with, but overall they do not present the problem the local law does. As with gambling, pornography and liquor, local laws regarding nudity and obscenity are in force, and many of the traditional stomping grounds of nude bathers are on the regular routes of police who can and will enforce these laws with zeal. Since everyone isn't as liberated as we are, be sure the beach where you disrobe is a designated "clothes optional" facility. There is no sense in either paying a fine or going through the hassle of an arrest that need not have taken place when there are legal nude beaches within driving distance of practically any city or town in the country.

"IF YOU'RE WORRIED THAT YOU'LL BE THE ONLY ONE WALKING AROUND WITH A HARD-ON, ONCE YOU FIND THE NUDE BEACH YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT."

By far the largest supporter (although not intentionally) of free beaches is the federal government. At many national shorelines and in national parks from coast to coast and border to border, specially designated sections of beach, hot springs or lake fronts are now frequented more by skinny-dippers than nonskinny-dippers.

At Black's Beach in San Diego, for example, where Californians have enjoyed themselves for decades at a remote stretch of marbled sand at the foot of four-hundred-foot-high cliffs that sweep down to the Pacific, a court battle has raged for three years over whether or not to keep the beach open to nude bathers. Last year, the city council finally instituted a public referendum to decide Black's Beach's status once and for all. In spite of strong support from local real estate interests, businessmen and tens of thousands of buff regulars, a majority of San Diegoans voted to outlaw nudity at Black Beach. But nine hundred feet north, on federal land, a new sign was posted to warn people who might be offended by nudity that the beach has a clothes optional status. Thus, free beach advocates lost the battle but not the war, and Black's is still open, albeit partially, for skinny-dipping.

In New York City, where thousands of men and women once swarmed over the old Erie-Lackawanna pier on the Hudson River at Morton Street, a renovation project took place in the fall of 1978 to demolish the longstanding preserve of nude sun-bathers (no one in his right mind swims in the Hudson River). Whether another pier or warehouse in the district will become the nude in-spot of 1979 remains to be seen. In any case, Jacob Riis Park, in Brooklyn on the Atlantic Ocean, will accommodate an even greater number of nude swimmers than ever before.

Riis Park, part of Gateway National Park, and at Beach Six at the far north end of the park, is where nude men and

WHERE TO "TAKE IT OFF"!

FOR information about nude beaches in your area, contact the Free Beaches Documentation Center, which publishes the annual *Guide to Nude Beaches:* P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54902. For information about clothes optional vacation locations in the U.S. and abroad, write *Elysium Tours*, 1701 Clinton Street, Suite 207, Los Angeles, CA 90026; *The American Sunbathing Association*, 810 North Milly Avenue, Orlando, Florida; *Windjammer Cruises*, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 1035, Miami Beach, FLA. 33139; and *Skinny Dip Tours*, 30 E. 42md Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

In lieu of getting any of these publications, however, *High Society* has prepared the following state by state list of nude beaches. You'll note that not all—in fact most—of the states are not included on the list. Sorry about that, but skinny-dipping hasn't caught on everywhere.

ARIZONA

Tucson—Tanque Verde Falls. From I-10 go east on the Speedway to Wilmot, then north on Wilmot to Sabino Canyon Road. Sabino Canyon becomes Tanque Verde; stay on it to the end of pavement and follow the dirt road to Redington for about two miles. Park and walk down the trail to the stream, then follow the streambed up to the falls—about 1,000 yards.

Run-off water from the Santa Catalina snow-capped peaks in June and July is refreshing for those typical 100° afternoons in the great southwest. Nudity is common not just at the falls, but for miles around.

CALIFORNIA

More than 1,000 miles of coastline from Los Angeles north to San Francisco have been used on and off for clothes-optional bathing for decades. Before that, American Indians lived on the coast virtually clothes-free. Today, public opinion is turning in favor of nude bathing facilities nearer populated areas in California, but there is still an occasional cop or ranger who objects. The Chad Smith decision in 1972, whereby the courts decided that "Nude is not lewd," will eventually result in constitutional guarantees of free expression and assembly. We have already spoken of Black's Beach in San Diego. But California, long a leader in fashioning lifestyles, is filled with many more:

Santa Ysabel—Devil's Punchbowl. This is a popular nude swimming site in the Cleveland National Forest. From State Highway 78 about a mile west of Julian (recognized by a church on the north side of the road), turn south onto a paved road. Keep right at the first fork (Eagle Creek Road) then go left onto Boulder Creek Road at the next fork. The Devil's Punchbowl is located on the creek just down from where the road crosses the streambed. Secluded. Sometimes dry in August.

Palos Verdes Point—Half Moon Cove. This is the most secluded beach in Los Angeles County and still subject to the city's anti-nudity ordinance. Nevertheless, it's a favorite spot, protected from wind, surf and oglers by promontories on both sides of a 500-yard beach.

women began their unplanned invasion about ten years ago. Each year, more and more people spend their Saturdays and Sundays basking in the buff under blue skies and hot sun. Free beachers are now fully accepted at Riis park, and when one wanders into the swimwear area, he or she is warned to go back and dress before going any farther.

If the Scandinavian people seemed avant garde with their relaxed sexual attitudes a decade or two ago, their advanced status has been eclipsed not only in the United States, but all over the world. The French and Germans caught the free northern spirit quickly, but not as quickly as one might think. As recently as five years ago, bare-breasted women in the jet set paradise of St. Tropez were run off to jail for exposing their breasts to the watchful eyes of the gendarmes. By 1978, however, they were a welcome and regular part of the Riviera seascape.

In Franco's Spain, there was no question that nudity was out of the question on public beaches. Now that the general is dead, however, the tide is turning toward freedom. On the island of Ibiza, where Clifford Irving wrote his fake biography of Howard Hughes, workmen used to hide in bushes waiting for visiting tourists to take off their clothes for a quick skinny-dip in the Mediterranean. After notifying the police of the exuberant offenders, these peeping toms stood by while the naked ladies were carted off to jail.

Even the Greeks and Italians are waking up to the fact that skin is in. Bare bosoms on deck are a regular part of the playboy life in marinas from Brindisi to Crete. The young travelers in the late '60s and early '70s began the trend, and now nude bodies are as regular as the yachts that moor in the thousands of bays and inlets on the coastline.

Yugoslavian resorts have long had the reputation of catering to guests who want to get completely away. Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his ex-wife Margaret vacationed in Yugoslavia at a remote hotel widely known for its open policy regarding nudity. In the past few years, the number of Adriatic health spas and nudist retreats has grown from a mere handful to several dozen. Many of these spas advertise their fine quality service and Old World hospitality in American magazines and newspapers.

IF you're worried that you'll be the only one walking around with a hard-on once you find the nude beach you've been looking for, don't worry. Psychologists claim that young men are likely to experience a brief erection that goes away as soon as the stimulation is taken away. On the nude beach, that means as soon as you get over the idea that you're out there to get laid (even though you might be), and get on with the job of tanning, the hard-on will go away naturally. If it doesn't, just bury it in the sand or make for the water. It can't last forever.

If skinny-dippers came out of the closet a few years ago, they're gaining more respectability as time goes by. *The New York Times* wrote an editorial last August that was reprinted in newspapers around the nation. It said in part, "Nude sun-bathers are entitled to protection from busybody law enforcement—and from leering voyeurs . . . By setting aside clearly separate bathing areas, other communities have been able to satisfy nudes, prudes and everyone in between. Common sense ought to make such a solution possible in New York as well."

The Los Angeles Times was similarly approving in an editorial dated July 13: "The idea of a separate place—well-posted to warn any unsuspecting, more modest beachgoer that there may be bathers in the buff—seems a perfectly sensible, civilized solution to us."

It is highly likely that newspaper editors around the country will take time out to point up the inconsistency in local law that makes an occasional nude bather a criminal. But the fact remains that nude bathing's time has come and it can only continue to grow in popularity as more free beachers hit the sands.

Half Moon Cove is located eight miles south of Redondo Beach and two miles east of Marineland along Palos Verdes Drive South. Park at nearby Abolone Cove, for just $1. Walk to the 5300 block, find the barb-topped chain link fence, and enter through one of several holes (everyone does). Follow a footpath to the bottom.

Avila Beach—Pirate's Cove. South of Avila on 101, this is one nude beach where everything is first-rate, including the birds, lizards, seals, bathers and police. Even the Pismo Mobile TV repair got into the act by donating a carry-out trash service in the parking lot.

Exit at Avila Beach and drive two miles west on Avila Road. Past a golf course on the right is a stand of ten huge oil storage tanks atop a hill. Take the blacktop spur with the sign that reads "Not a Through Road" and follow it to the sea ridge. Park. Walk. Officers on the scene are there to dissuade gawkers and hecklers from staying around. Serious nudes only.

San Francisco—Golden Gate. Golden Gate is easy to reach—below and to the seaward side of Golden Gate Bridge. Access is through Baker's Beach; walk to the right.

CONNECTICUT

There aren't too many nude beaches in Connecticut since most of the shoreline is owned by wealthy or private interests. That means you have to make it to a lake, or take your chances defying the blue laws.

Diana's Pool and Hall's Pond near Ashford and Mansfield: At the intersection of Route 198 and Route six in Mansfield find the Nathaug River. Ask for the pool.

Beyond Diana's pool, on 198 at the intersection of Pumpkin Hill Road, is Hall's Pond, a private lake. Ask for it. Go to the far side, away from traffic. Disrobe.

FLORIDA

Naturally the Sunshine State does better than many other states with an abundance of hot spots to tickle the fancy of skinny-dippers. This was, after all, Mecca for millions of nudists long before nude became trendy.

Key Biscayne: Between Crandon Park Beach and Bear Cut Beach. You won't see Dick Nixon there, but you will have the company of thousands of free beaches at Miami's free neighboring nude sanctuary.

Take I-95 or Highway 1 South to the Rickenbacker Causeway. Turn east, cross Virginia Key to Key Biscayne on the Bear Cut Bridge. Park on the left, or continue to Crandon Beach lot #3. The clothes optional location is between Crandon and Bear Cut—a half mile southeast from the bridge, or a half mile northeast of Crandon Park lot. A 20 minute walk.

GEORGIA

Plains. Skinny dip in the same water where lil' Jimmy Crater frolicked with his friends in the creek below the bridge in Plains. Peachy.

HAWAII

Perhaps the greatest nude beaches in America, isolated, clean, extravagant in landscape, the outer islands of the Hawaiian chain are now accessible by daily flights in small planes, by sea and sometimes by long hikes. Automobiles, of course, afford limited access to the less developed areas, but can still get you to where the action is.

Maui has the most popular free beaches that attract over a million persons annually. Called the Provincetown of the Pacific by many, Makena Beach is very popular. Drive thirty miles south on route 31 from Lahaina through the town of Wallea. Ask. If you get to La Perouse Bay, turn around. Actually, though, they are all over.

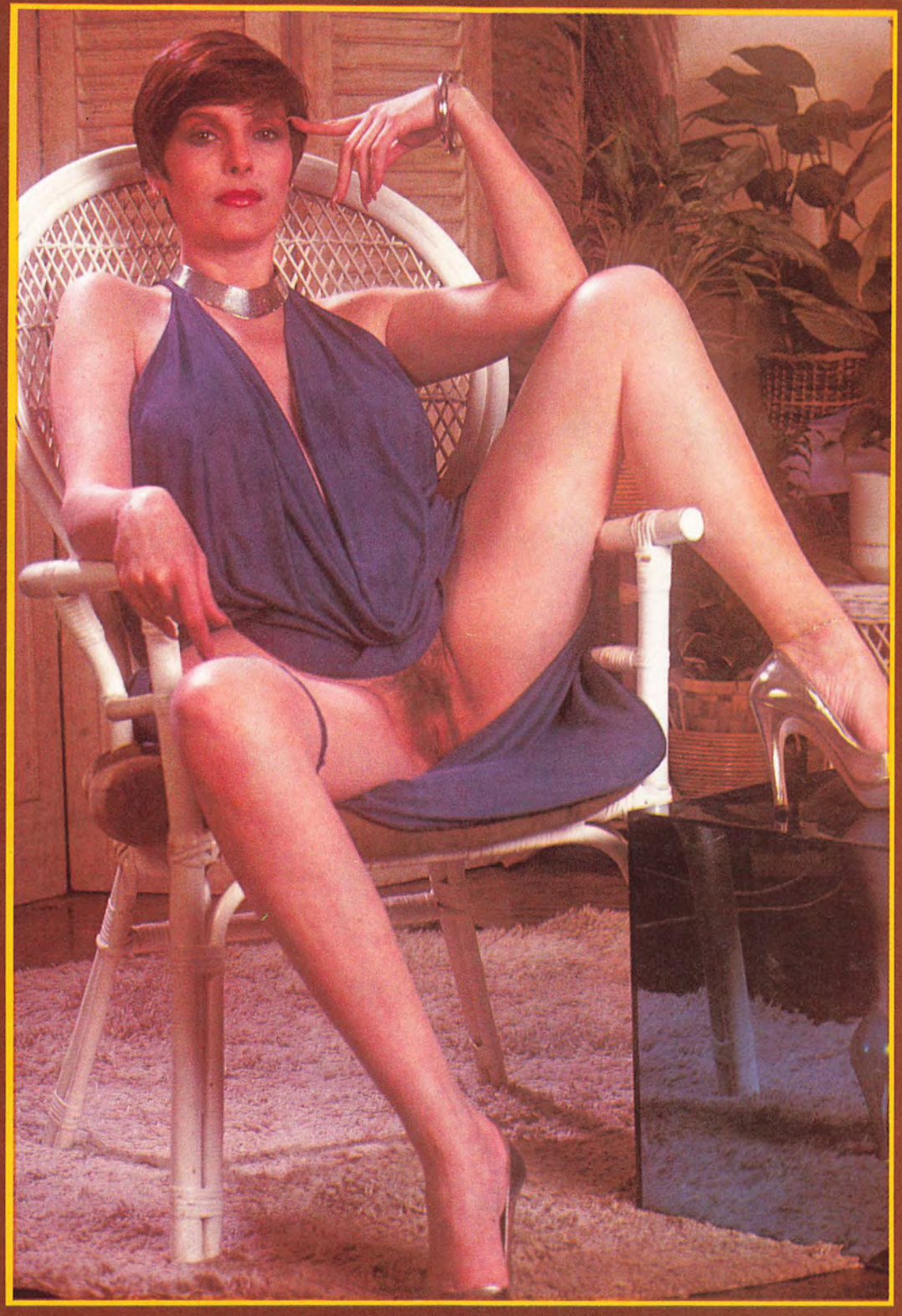
Oahu—Diamond Head Crater. Drive out to the lighthouse, take the access road below to a steep walkway. It is all about one and one-half miles beyond Waikiki, easy to reach for tourists

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

GLORIA LEONARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

GL: All the above.
***HS:** What's your favorite position to fuck in?*
GL: I have two, and I guess I'm just a plain, old-fashioned girl, one of them is the missionary position. The other is being schuppted soundly from behind, either standing and being fucked from behind or bending over. I have trouble with being on top. Women weren't built with thrusting power. I'm so glad the guys have the muscles to do it, because if I had to be on top fucking, I think I would only fuck one quarter of the time.
***HS:** Do you ever cum in films? A real orgasm?*
GL: Yes, a couple of times, but it's difficult because you have to be in tune with the guy's rhythm since that's the money shot as far as the audience is concerned. You can't be totally into your own sexual momentum. You have to be into the guy's and deal with it. But whenever possible I always try and make the most of a sex scene. I mean, shit, how many opportunities do I get to fuck all these cute pretty boys?
***HS:** Do you like younger men?*
GL: Sure.
***HS:** Better than older men?*
GL: Not better, but I do find younger men appealing.
***HS:** What do you like about younger men in bed?*
GL: Their stamina.
***HS:** Stamina or enthusiasm?*
GL: Both. There's some kind of psychological quirk about men who, when they reach the age of about forty, fall into a trap where they think they are going rapidly down hill.
***HS:** How about the "I can only cum once" syndrome?*
GL: Well, I think guys are conditioned into thinking that when you have sex, that's it, you're supposed to come once. A lot of men haven't explored their sexuality to see how many times a night (or day) they can cum. They need a sexually hungry or aggressive woman to prod them on.
***HS:** What's the most amount of times in one night you've made any man cum?*
GL: Four.
***HS:** How did you make him do it?*
GL: Well, it was a variety of things. We fucked a couple of times in different situations and I gave him head once. I just know that he came four times in one night, and that impressed me.
***HS:** Did it impress him?*
GL: Yes, it did.
***HS:** What do you think about foot fetishes?*
GL: I get a great deal of mail on this subject.
***HS:**Let me rephrase the question: Do you find that many men are into feet? Secondly, are you into feet?*
GL: I like being in bed with somebody, touching feet against feet. But I don't see it per se as a sexual focus, as an object to be turned on by. Since we get so much mail about foot fetishism, I really wish someone would define it better for me so that I could better relate to it.
***HS:** How do you feel about urination and sex?*
GL: I was repulsed by a pee scene in a film. And then one night I came home with a lover of mine and we were both pretty stoned. He was taking a leak and talking to me while I was looking in the mirror when suddenly I had an urge to put my hand under his dick as he peed. It felt warm, and there *was* something very sexual about it, but that's as far as I could take it. I don't see peeing on somebody or being peed on as something that switches on my sexual psyche. I did do a pee scene in *All About Gloria Leonard*. I can see how some people find it hot since it followed a masturbation scene and lended itself to looking orgasmic.
***HS:** How do you feel about incest?*
GL: I am down on it. They say incest is cheaper, but the emotional toll is expensive. I wholeheartedly disapprove.
***HS:** How do you feel about bestiality?*
GL: There's nothing hot to me about a Doberman Pinscher.
***HS:** What do you usually fantasize about when you masturbate? Do you think about people you know?*
GL: Sometimes it's people I know. Sometimes it's someone I don't know. Sometimes it's not even about people at all.
***HS:** What's it about?*
GL: Well, masturbation is very self-satisfying. I mean, you're making love to yourself, right? There's a great line that came from *The Boys In the Band* about masturbation: "The one great thing to be said about masturbation is that you don't have to look your best." Masturbation is making love to at least the one person in the world you know loves you. And in that way when I fantasize, I don't always have to think about anything specific. I just get off on my own self and my own juices.
***HS:** Okay, back to unfulfilled fantasies. What would you like to do that you have not yet done sexually?*
GL: I don't know what's left that I haven't done. I mean, I haven't fucked a whole platoon of soldiers or the Dallas Cowboys.
***HS:** What was the most exciting thing you've ever done sexually?*
GL: I think one of the most exciting things I've done sexually was a scene in the film *Little Blue Box*, with Jennifer Welles, Leslie Bovee, Sharon Mitchell, Ming Toy and myself. It was set up in a circle, and you could see the heat building as one lady was making love to another. It became a chain reaction, and everybody was getting off on everybody else. It was exciting.
***HS:** What was the most exciting thing you've done off-camera?*
GL: A terrific blowjob in a horse-drawn carriage in Central Park in the dead of winter. Balling in an airplane has also been one of my "hotties."
***HS:** Who would you like to ball?*
GL: Orson Welles, Frank Sinatra, Kris Kristofferson, Steve Martin, Eric Roberts . . .
***HS:** Why Orson Welles?*
GL: Because I love his mind.
***HS:** Why Frank Sinatra?*
GL: Because I love his timing.
***HS:** That's a great line. Why Steve Martin?*
GL: Because of his outrageous zaniness.
***HS:** Who else did you say?*
GL: Kris Kristofferson.
***HS:** Because he's sexy?*
GL: Actually, they're all sexy. Cerebral men are sometimes sexier than those with more obvious sex appeal.
***HS:** What are your favorite X-rated movies?*
GL: There's so many good ones I haven't seen yet that it's not really fair to answer this. But of those I have seen, I would have to say *Misty Beethoven* is one of them—not because I'm in it, but because it really is a classic done with wit and opulance. Some of the best X-rated films were *Inside Jennifer Welles, Sex World, Take-Off, Fiona on Fire, Maraschino Cherry* and, of course, *All About Gloria Leonard*. Nearly all of Alex DeRenzy's films are superior, as are those of my mentor, Henry Paris (*The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann, Naked Came The Stranger, Barbara Broadcast*, etc.).
***HS:** What are your future plans for films?*
GL: I would like very much to produce and/or direct them. Even though some women are doing them, there is a real absence of female input into sex and the cinema. There's not enough heat. There's not enough build-up in X-rated films. I want to see flirting. I want to see touching. I want to see eye contact, kissing and hugging. And I'm a natural-born producer. Without trying, I have the knack of putting things together swiftly and professionally.
***HS:** Are you seeking out financial backers in order to accomplish this?*
GL: Yes, I have my fingers in more pies than I care to even think about right now. And sooner or later it will happen.
***HS:** Is there anything new that we can look for from you?*
GL: I'll be coming out with a fabulous line of Gloria Leonard lingerie. I want people to adorn themselves in beautiful, sexy things. And I don't mean for them to emulate me. They don't have to look like Gloria Leonard. They have to *feel* like Gloria Leonard.



Our Gloria Opens Up!

"I think every woman really harbors that secret desire to be a pin-up in a magazine."


"I like to suck a man's cock, fondle his balls and test his response to anal pressure."

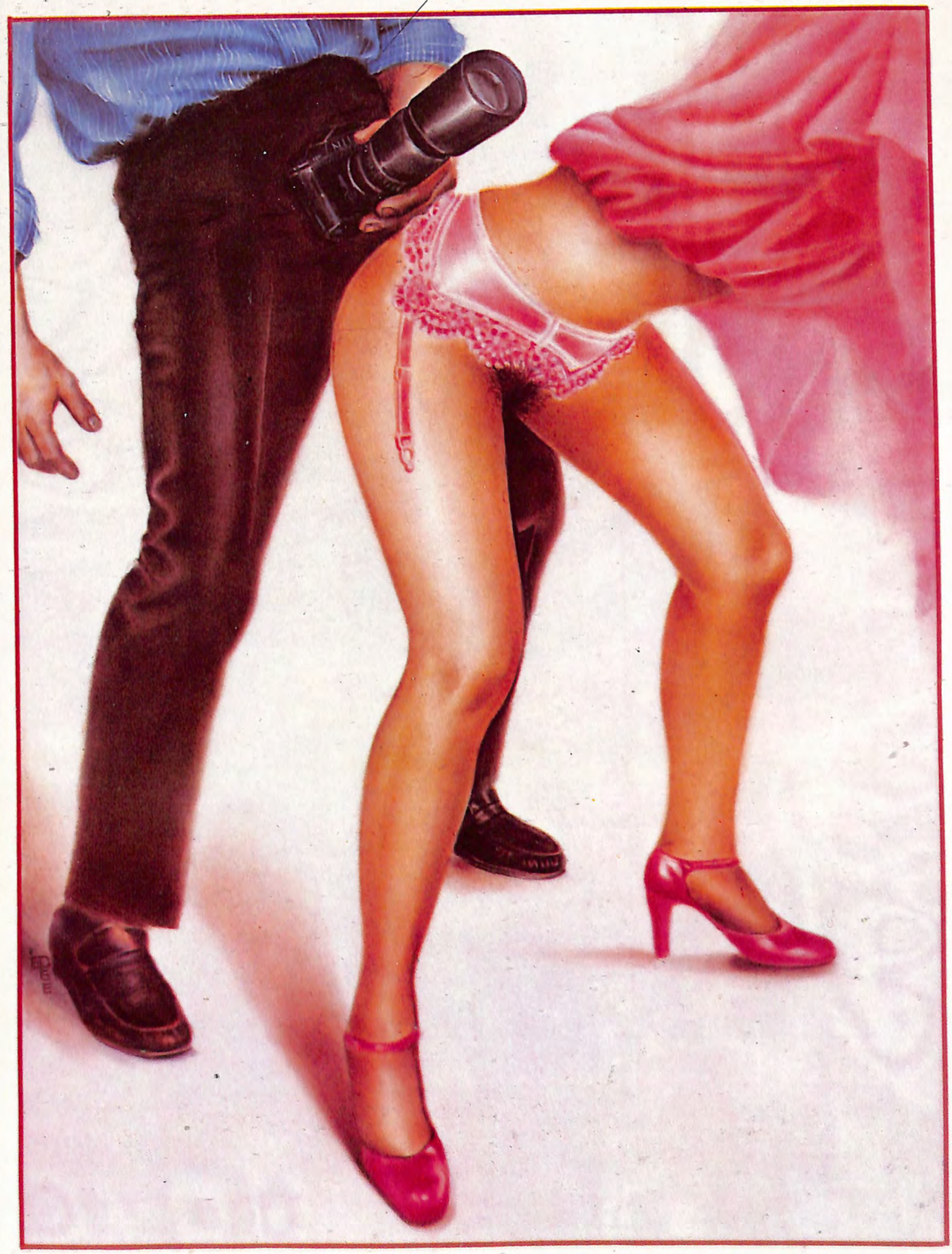



"I enjoy manipulating my own body to orgasm."


"I like to be eaten by an adventurous tongue."


Lust and love
Gloria Leonard





The Model

FICTION BY JOHN MICHAELS

Framed in the Nikon camera's viewfinder, Muller looked like a sniper's victim. As the focusing ring closed on his high Teutonic cheekbones and the image sharpened, he drew on his pipe and looked at once innocent, confident and strong. She waited for him to blow the smoke out, then pressed the shutter release. The automatic machinery whirred as the camera exposed six frames.

Stephanie Hill didn't see Muller as anything like a sniper's victim, no matter how deadly the image in the viewfinder. To her he was a classic, El Greco's knight or Corot's self-portrait. She knew that when the damned agency had turned the photograph into an ad for pipe tobacco, she would print the picture on rag paper, maybe using a grain screen to make him appear even more elusive. It would hang in her apartment, alongside the shot from her Appalachian series that won the Pulitzer.

It was late afternoon. The session had dragged on all day. She photographed Muller in a variety of shirts and jackets and a multitude of poses. Six different pipes were used, from his own rather ordinary briar to an expensive meerschaum carved into the bust of a Dutch sea captain. During the morning shooting, Stephanie had included in the frame with him a girl whose shoulders were bared, giving the impression she was nude. It was the agency's idea to imply that pipe smokers turned women on. Stephanie always thought pipes were revolting, and having the girl on the set only gave Muller the excuse to suggest that Stephanie herself bare her shoulders and get into the frame. She replied icily that she refused to be put on display, but at the same time felt excitement stirring inside her. She sensed a bit of cruelty in him that she hadn't seen in a model in ten years of working with them, and against all her old instincts it tempted her. Stephanie accepted his invitation to dinner.

By the time the zabagilone and espresso had warmed her into a mood of forgiveable excess, Stephanie Hill was feeling very good about things. She was 32 and looked 26; had a successful career, an excellent income and 20 years of good looks in front of her; and an independent spirit which kept her from marriage while providing her with a string of handsome, sophisticated and wealthy escorts. She went to gallery openings, first nights and Park Avenue brunches. And, that agreeable night in June, she was allowing herself to date Karl Muller, an impossibly good-looking model from Berlin with a touch of cruelty in his eyes. No danger there; she could take care of herself. Pulitzer Prize-winning photographers didn't collapse at the sight of every Saxon warrier who looked down at them.

"WHEN HE KNELT BETWEEN HER LEGS, SHE REACHED DOWN AND GUIDED HIS HARD PRICK INTO HER WITH AN URGENCY SHE HAD NEVER BEFORE ALLOWED HERSELF."

But then, ignoring the waiter, he squeezed her hand and said, "I want to go to bed with you."

Stephanie smiled and forgot they could be overheard. "I'm flattered," she replied, trying desperately to sound offhanded.

"Now," he said, and didn't return the smile.

In the taxi he was silent, but before they had gone very far, his hand traced a line down her neck to her breast as his mouth covered hers. She tried to pull away, fearing the cab driver's disapproval, but she had no strength. Once at her apartment, she was scarcely inside the door when she felt the zipper race down her back. She would have protested, but had no voice. The zipper ran fast and smooth to the bottom, with no snags that are encountered by ordinary men. His hands unsnapped her brassiere with no difficulty and, pushing the dress down and off her, cupped her breasts.

Muller's fingers sought out her nipples and squeezed them. Stephanie sucked her breath in. It made a soft whistling sound between her teeth. She turned and wrapped her arms around him, giving herself to him. Muller said nothing, but stripped her clothes from her and lifted her, with one hand between her thighs and an arm around her shoulders. He set her on the leather couch and she lay there, the smooth hide burning her skin, while he slowly removed his clothes.

Muller took a long time, folding each garment carefully. By the time he was nude, Stephanie was panting for him, and her legs opened instictively. She knew she was no longer in control of herself. There was no way she could refuse him. Whatever he wanted, she wanted him to take. When he knelt between her legs, she reached down and guided him into her with an urgency she never before had allowed herself. She cried out when he entered

her and climaxed before he was halfway inside. Muller grabbed both her breasts and squeezed them cruelly as he lowered himself onto her. Stephanie screamed in pain and delight and wrapped her legs around him as he slammed into her with growing force. Breathless, the wetness spreading from her and across the cushion, she came twice more before realizing he hadn't even climaxed once.

MARGARET, Stephanie's 20-year-old studio assistant, a journalism student at NYU, had a skeptical bent. "You can't endanger your career just for him," she said.

"I'm not doing anything of the sort," Stephanie replied.

"You are. If you don't wrap up the Egyptian spread by Wednesday, the client will fry your ass."

"I'll finish it. Besides, I really don't care.

"See? You see what I mean?" Margaret said triumphantly. "And you don't even know who he is."

"A model from Germany who was recommended to me by an old friend."

"Sure, recommended to you by Danielle Gitalle, who killed herself. The top magazine photographer in Rome commits suicide a month after meeting this guy."

"A coincidence," Stephanie said, then added with growing irritation, "and it's really none of your business."

"Anything that effects my income is my business," her assistant countered. "And your staying up all night fucking some strange guy is my business."

"There's nothing strange about him."

"No? I suppose every model can afford to dump two hundred bucks on dinner."

Despite herself, Stephanie looked concerned. Where *did* he get the money? Not from the tobacco shooting, that's for sure. And what about Danielle? From her letters, she had seemed perfectly happy, until she met Karl Muller.

THEIR next date was to see *Dancin'* and have a late dinner. The play was marvelous, the dinner exquisite. At one o'clock on a fine warm morning she found herself helped into the seat of a hansom cab parked outside the Plaza Hotel. She saw Muller talk with the driver and give the man something from his wallet.

As the horse-drawn carriage proceeded into the dark of Central Park, Stephanie felt Muller's hands roaming over her. Embarrassed, she protested.

"Karl, please."

"Be still," he said, and continued.

Stephanie fought a moment, then gave in. It was futile disagreeing with Muller. He was much too forceful. And she knew she didn't really want to argue. She wanted him; totally, passionately, no matter who was looking. As the carriage passed into the darkness of Central Park, his hands lifted her. She was on his lap, the hem of her skirt around her waist. A glint of steel, a switchblade cut through her panties, and she felt the midnight breeze sweep her loins. She called out as he entered her, but the cabbie took no notice. Soon she was bouncing up and down on him, unmindful of who might be looking.

In due time, Stephanie fired Margaret and cancelled the assignments she was working on. Muller had become the centerpiece in her life. Nothing else mattered. She had enough money to live on for a year, and he certainly had plenty.

She felt like an adolescent again. Years after having promised herself never to make sex the most important thing in her life, it was all she could think of.

Stephanie hardly knew anything about Muller. He was silent about his past. The only reason she could think of for his modelling was egotism. But none of that was important.

On his instructions, she met him early one afternoon at the corner of First Avenue and 84th Street, in front of a Triumph dealership. As usual when with him, she wore a skirt. She preferred jeans, but he insisted she make herself easily available to him at all times. And, she had to admit, the thought excited her; that at any moment she might be required to lift her skirt submit to him. She had no idea why Muller wanted to meet her in front of an auto dealership. He had shown no interest in driving before. He was looking impatiently at his watch when she arrived.

"You're late," he said sternly.

Stephanie's heart leaped. She was terrified of displeasing him.

"I'm sorry, darling."

"No matter. There's still time."

He gave her a condescending smile and a pat on the behind.

"Time for what?" she asked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

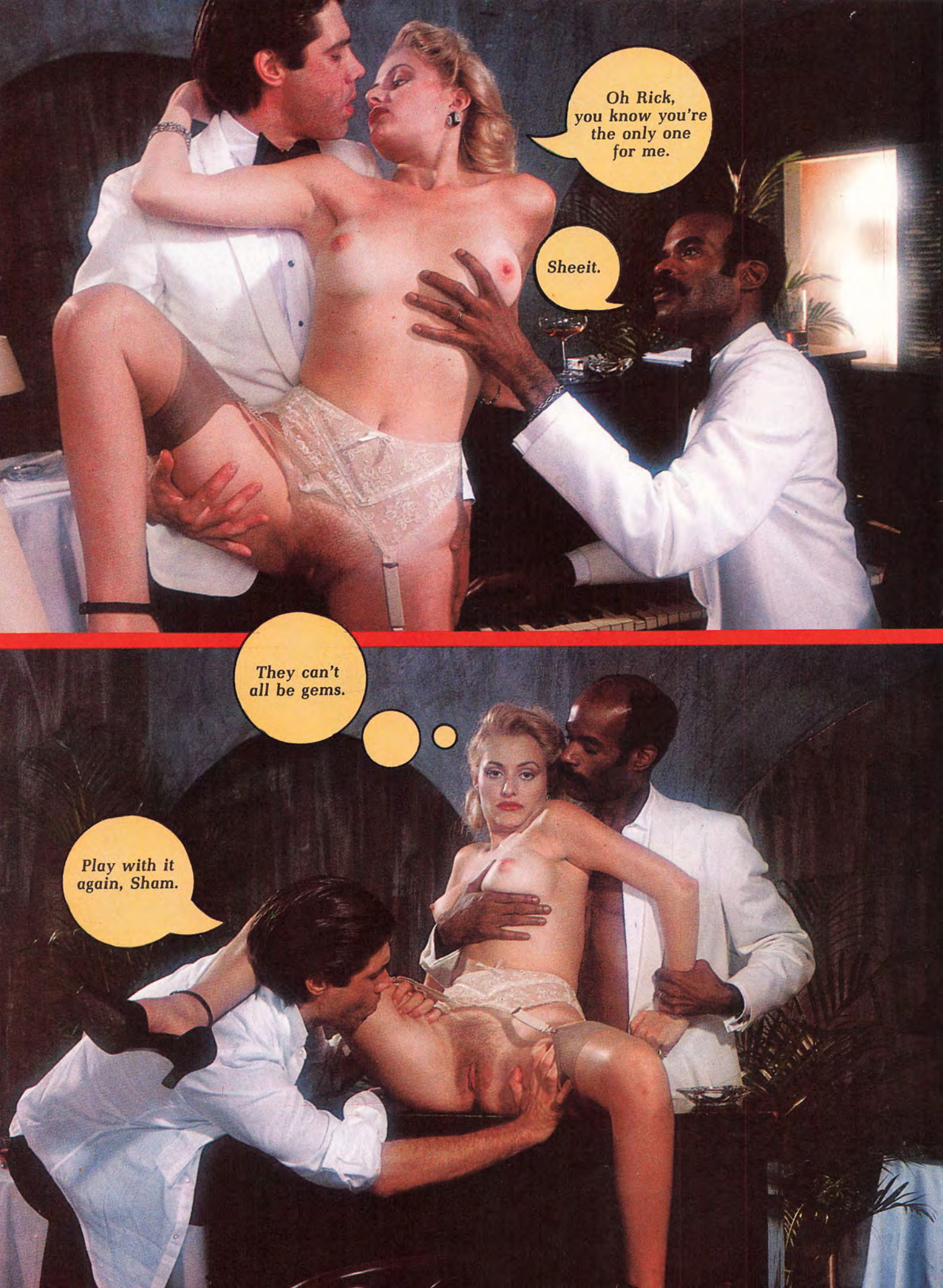


"You're always blowing your own horn!"


Re-runs
Rick's
Café Americain
Whadda you lookin' at, bright eyes?
"Play with it again, Sham!"
You, big boy.
That's some nice upholstery schweetheart.


I hope it's stain proof.


You're the first coon I've seen in months.
Dirty two timing slut.
How would you like a punch in the tits?
Yeah.


Oh Rick, you know you're the only one for me.
Sheeit.
They can't all be gems.
Play with it again, Sham.


Oh Rick,
what's it all mean?
What's this crazy world all about?
All I want is to be with you
and love you and marry you
and get half of what
this place brings
in if we get divorced.

GEE! GLORIA

GLAMOROUS **GLORIA**, HEARING THAT **WOMEN** REPORTERS ARE NOW ALLOWED **INTO** LOCKER ROOMS, WASTES NO TIME IN **SNIFFING OUT** AN **IN-DEPTH** INTERVIEW WITH **ELEVEN JUICY JOCKS!**

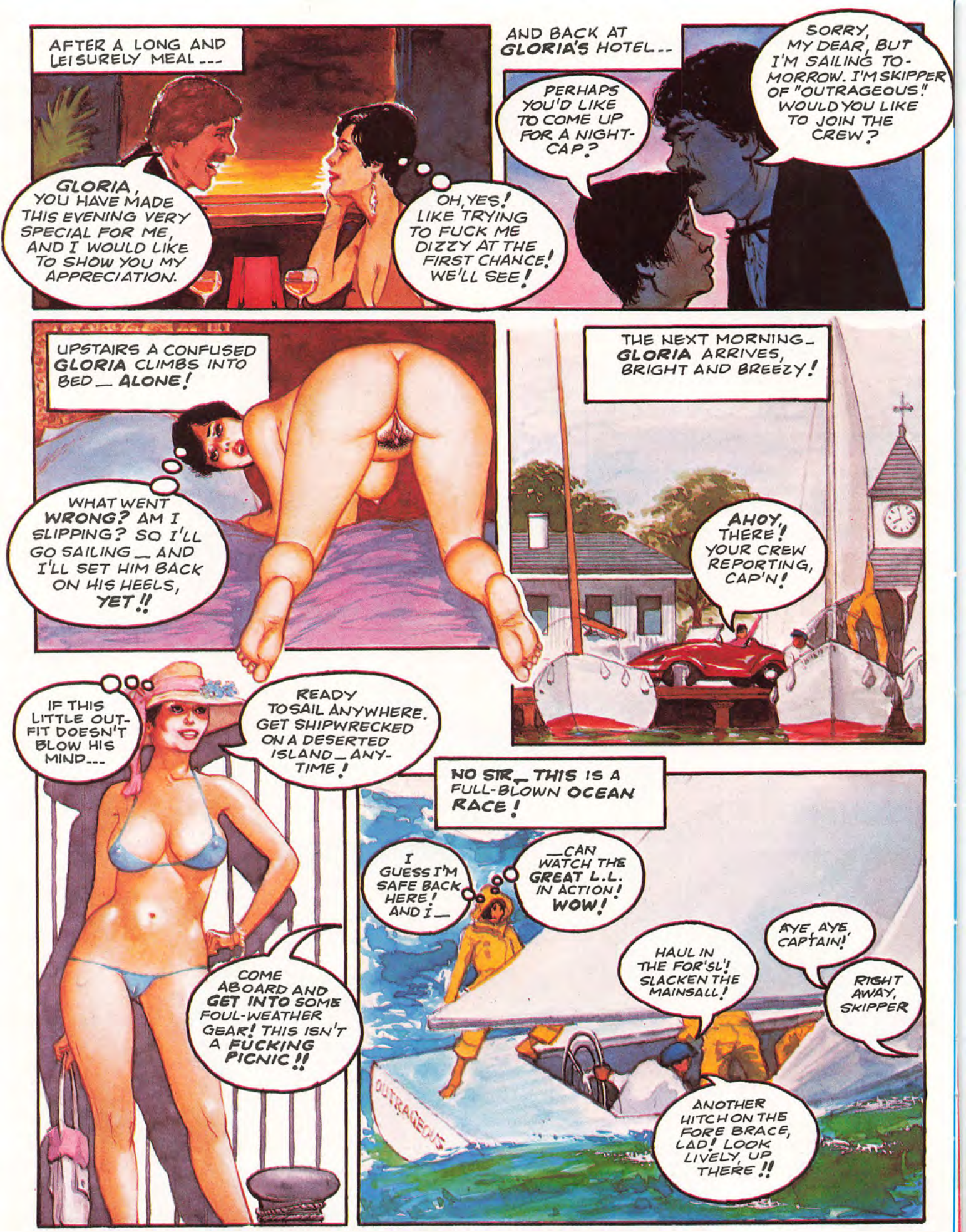









AS GLORIA IS DRESSING, A HANDSOME STRANGER GOES BY---
SEND THAT WOMAN AN INVITATION TO DINNER FOR TONIGHT!
YES, SIR!
MISS LEONARD, YOU'RE INVITED TO DINE WITH LANCE LERNER TONIGHT. TRY NOT TO BE LATE!
??
"MY CAR WILL CALL FOR YOU AT 8:30 P.M. L.L." WOW! OF ALL THE ARROGANT, MALE CHAUVENIST DEMANDS...!
LATER, IN HER HOTEL, GLORIA COOLS DOWN AND PLANS HER MOVES.
WHO IS MISTER HIGH AND MIGHTY L.L. ANYWAY? BIG WITH THE COMMANDS!
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR MISTER L.L. TO MEET HIS EQUAL! HE'S IN FOR A SURPRISE TONIGHT!
PROMPTLY AT 8:30, GLORIA IS READY AND WAITING---
GEE, GLORIA, I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT. I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS AND YOUR MAGAZINE. I'M REAL HAPPY TO HAVE THIS CHANCE TO...
THEY ARE SILENTLY WHISKED AWAY TO AN EXCLUSIVE, INTIMATE RESTUARANT---
FOR STARTERS, MAY I SUGGEST A DOZEN RAW OYSTERS— FOR EACH OF US! DOES THINGS FOR YOU— AND FOR ME!!
OKAY, SO YOU KNOW ABOUT FOOD! SO I'M VERY IMPRESSED!
TO FOLLOW, FELLATIO MINION POACHED IN PEASANT WINE FROM TUSCANY! DESSERT, WILD STRAWBERRIES IN ABROSIA! O.K.?
AND I'LL HAVE THE PLAIN BURGER, FRIES AND HOLD ON THE ONIONS, AND A BOTTLE OF MOËT '63 AS USUAL!


AFTER A LONG AND LEISURELY MEAL ---
GLORIA, YOU HAVE MADE THIS EVENING VERY SPECIAL FOR ME, AND I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION.
OH, YES! LIKE TRYING TO FUCK ME DIZZY AT THE FIRST CHANCE! WE'LL SEE!
AND BACK AT GLORIA'S HOTEL--
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO COME UP FOR A NIGHT-CAP?
SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT I'M SAILING TO-MORROW. I'M SKIPPER OF "OUTRAGEOUS!" WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE CREW?
UPSTAIRS A CONFUSED GLORIA CLIMBS INTO BED — ALONE!
WHAT WENT WRONG? AM I SLIPPING? SO I'LL GO SAILING — AND I'LL SET HIM BACK ON HIS HEELS, YET!!
THE NEXT MORNING — GLORIA ARRIVES, BRIGHT AND BREEZY!
AHOY, THERE! YOUR CREW REPORTING, CAP'N!
IF THIS LITTLE OUT-FIT DOESN'T BLOW HIS MIND---
READY TO SAIL ANYWHERE. GET SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERTED ISLAND — ANY-TIME!
COME ABOARD AND GET INTO SOME FOUL-WEATHER GEAR! THIS ISN'T A FUCKING PICNIC!!
NO SIR — THIS IS A FULL-BLOWN OCEAN RACE!
I GUESS I'M SAFE BACK HERE! AND I —
— CAN WATCH THE GREAT L.L. IN ACTION! WOW!
HAUL IN THE FOR'SL'! SLACKEN THE MAINSAIL!
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!
RIGHT AWAY, SKIPPER
ANOTHER HITCH ON THE FORE BRACE, LAD! LOOK LIVELY, UP THERE!!
OUTRAGEOUS


THE CONFIDENCE, ANIMAL STRENGTH OF THE SKIPPER STARTS GLORIA FANTASIZING----
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE REEF!
REEF? TO HELL WITH EVERYTHING AS LONG AS I GET MY ROCKS OFF!!
OBLIVOUS TO ALL EYES, GLORIA'S FINGERS BEGIN TO CARESS---!!
CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF GLORIA'S PLAYFUL FINGER, L.L. IS STRUCK BY NAUTICAL PARALYSIS!!
COME ABOUT, SKIPPER?
WHEN DO WE TACK, CAP'N?
GIVE THE ORDER SKIPPER!
OUTRAGEOUS
BUT BY A FREAK STROKE OF UNCONVENTIONAL SEMENSHIP THE GALLANT CAPTAIN FORCES HIS RIVAL TO BACK DOWN — L.L. WINS YET ANOTHER RACE!
CELEBRATING THE VICTORY LATER ON---
—HUSH, CAPTAIN! IT'LL BE OUR SECRET. HMM, THAT'S QUITE A MAST YOU GOT THERE! OOOH!! I'M HEADING FOR HOME PORT!!
GEE, GLORIA, YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T HAVE WON THE RACE IF I HADN'T SEEN YOU FING—
AND SO GLORIA, CONTENT TO HAVE MADE A BIG SPLASH AND GET HER STORY, CLOSES THE PAGES OF YET ANOTHER WINNING, WILD ADVENTURE!!
ALWAYS HAPPY TO GO OVERBOARD AND SHARE A WET DREAM!!





Priscilla

As a stewardess doing the New York to Paris run, she enjoys the Continental touch.







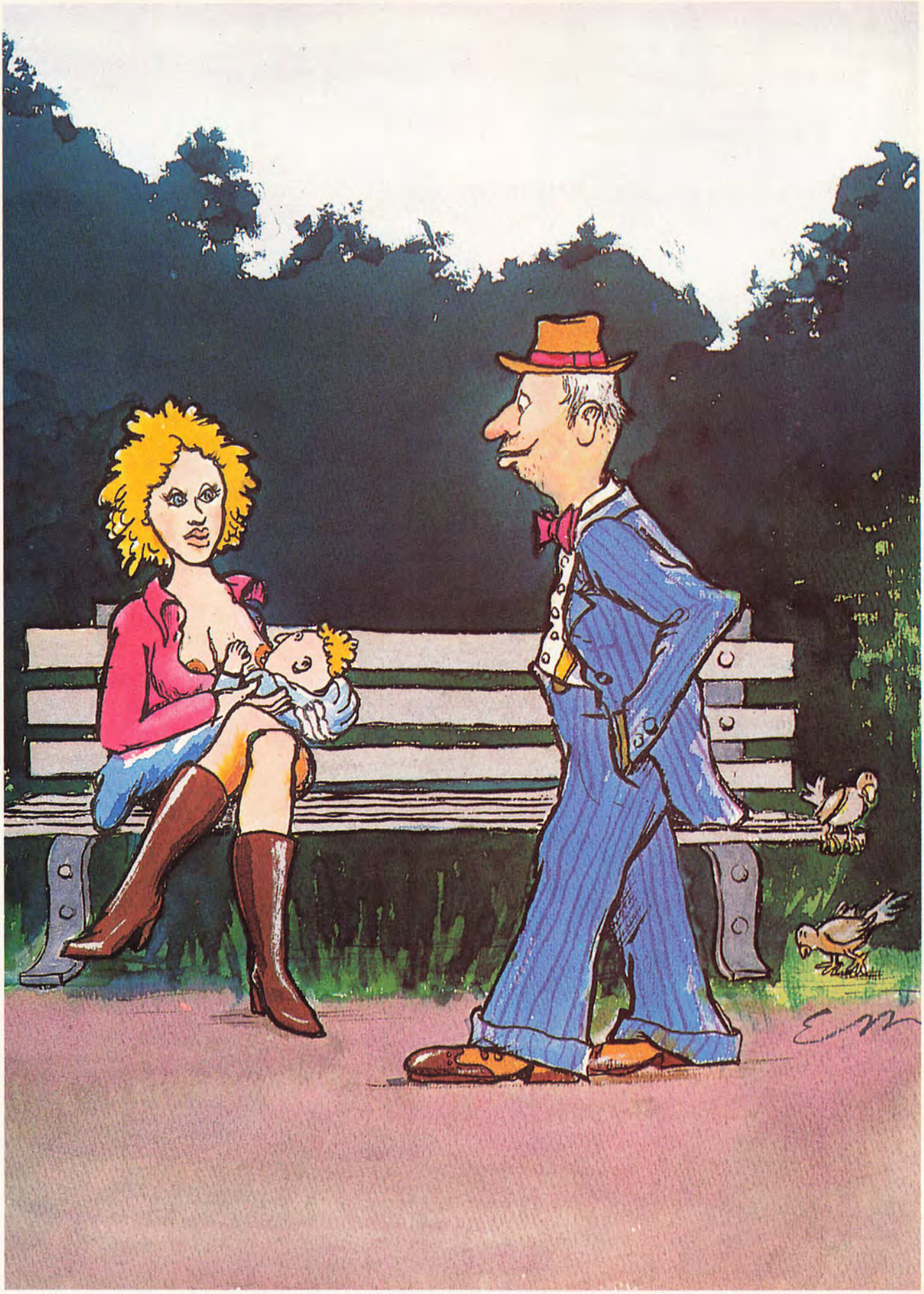
"Last week we got into Orly airport, and I stupidly left my suitcase in the plane. I was hopelessly underdressed, but this groovey Parisian guy wisked me off to his apartment where he just happened to have a silk negligé. With my crotch dripping with love juice and my body sizzling with desire, I crawled naked under his sheets. Viva la France!"





"I like a man to be aggressive,
to do his thing.
I pretend to be defenseless,
but I really dig it hard and heavy."





"Suck that tit, kid. It's the last one you'll get for the next fifteen years."

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS



SWINGING IN SUBURBIA

Watching his wife screw another man really turned him on!

EDITOR'S NOTE—George is National Sales Director for a small but moderately successful West Coast publishing house and, because of the distribution set-up, he commands a comfortable office in midtown Manhattan. His salary is $40,000 a year, not counting bonuses and a liberal expense account. George is thirty-three years old, tall and slim, handsome, attractive to women.

Jessica, George's wife, could pass for Liz Taylor when the movie queen was still causing a million erections just by running a wet tongue across her ruby red lips. Jessica lives with George in an eight-room, mortgage-free, split level ranch in the foothills of New Jersey's Ramapo Mountains. She is a photography buff, an avid tennis player, drives her own 1978 Datsun 280Z and has charge accounts in all the best stores. Jessica is thirty-two.

Their youngest child is eight years old, a delightful girl who they feel can't miss being the first female president of the United States. George Jr. is nine years old, and neither parent would be

"My iron-hard cock slid easily into the folds of her glorious asshole, and I was beside myself with delight at my first anal adventure."

surprised to find that they were the proud parents of another Carl Yastrzemski.

Five months ago, George began having trouble getting an erection with Jessica, and she couldn't have cared less. After a few weeks, George moved into the guest room.

The conflict affected their social life and whenever they were together, even in company, they spent their time just waiting for opportunities to verbally slash at each other's emotional jugulars. Due to their continual sarcasm and vaudevillian dramatics, they were known around the suburban social scene as "Georgie Jessical."

Herein is their story of how they got into swinging and eventually saved their marriage.



I THINK our main trouble was that we married much too young. Jessica was only seventeen and I was just twenty. Though fucking wasn't a problem in the early stages, it was probably because of the newness of the intimacy and the fact that our repressive upbringings hadn't prepared us for anything other than conventional sex. Like so many inexperienced people, we wasted little time with foreplay or experimentation but instead, contented ourselves with a few kisses, a few controlled lunges, come and go to sleep. On a few occasions I kissed Jessica's breasts while her more amorous overtures consisted of fondling my cock. She outdid herself on my twenty-ninth birthday with a blowjob, though she removed her mouth at the point of ejaculation, so she wouldn't get that "icky stuff" in her mouth.

The final insult in our sex life came one night after I eased my head between her legs and kissed her cunt. Jessica lay stiff as a board and later, when I moved up to kiss her lips, she turned her head away saying that I should rinse out my mouth first. At that point we had been married about nine years. I never tried to fuck her again, deciding that for all I cared she could take her ass and wrap it in tin foil.

Until then I hadn't cheated on Jessica very much. Though I hung around with publishing people, who are notorious for their views on sex, only twice had I gone to bed with other women. Once was at the American Booksellers' Convention in Chicago and the other during a business trip to Boston.

Even then I felt guilty, but I eased my conscience with the idea that the miles separating us somehow made it okay. On the other hand, sex at home had been practically nonexistent for a long time before my first extramarital foray, so Jessica had no one to blame but herself. In my more realistic moments I boiled it down to the bare truth—the months and months of sexual frustration had made me horny enough to fuck a wild monkey!

I was feeling the same way about five months ago when Muriel, my secretary, brought my early morning coffee into my office. It had long been apparent that my big-assed assistant was interested in kindling a more intimate relationship with the boss, but New York wasn't Boston or Chicago, and I still had two children to think about. Besides, Jessica and Muriel talked on a regular basis because Muriel screened all of my calls, and the proximity to the home front gave me reason for caution. But a hard cock doesn't have to deal with rationale, and since Muriel's sexy innuendos had been the inspiration behind several throbbing erections, I decided to see where it was all at.

Muriel smilled prettily, winked, set down my coffee and headed for the door. I watched her, my eyes riveted to an ass that would arouse a eunuch. Finally, on the brink of sexual insanity, I blurted to her rear, "How would you like to get fucked half to death!"

Muriel froze in mid-stride, glanced wide-eyed over her shoulder, then went out but left the door open. A moment later she returned, closed the door, locked it and walked languidly to the center of the room. "Maryanne's holding all your calls," she said breathlessly, and without further ado began peeling off a thin, green, tit-tight blouse. As she stepped out of a pair of black hip-hugging slacks, I realized that I had absently been stroking my cock, causing secretions to soak through my jockey shorts and stain my trousers.

Down to a halfbra and bikini briefs, Muriel ran a wet tongue slowly across her bottom lip, and off came the bra. If I failed to mention Muriel's knockers, it was only because her beautifully constructed ass drew most of the attention, but her tits were a marvel in their own right. The pink-tipped projectiles stuck straight out, like twin missiles poised for a flight to far-off galaxy. Her stomach was flat, her hips full and her thighs and legs curved in all the right places.

Muriel knew that her ass was the featured attraction and when she turned her rear to me a lump formed in my throat. The cloth of her red bikini was locked between her cheeks.

She pushed the briefs below her hips and seductively worked them the rest of the way off by wiggling her ass. Then she walked across to my desk and, elbows on the edge, placed puckered red lips an inch from my mouth. "You planning to be a voyeur?" she asked throatily. She straightened up and rubbed a hand between her legs. "Or do you want some of this?" After what seemed an eternity of groping, not for thoughts but words, I managed a hoarse, "I want your ass!"

MURIEL didn't blink an eyelash. She walked to a brown leather sofa on the side wall of my office, knelt on the floor, shoulders flat on the cushions, and tooted her gorgeous booty in my direction. Though my cock had been aching for air I still hadn't removed a stitch. When Muriel stuck one finger into her gaping cunt and another into her asshole I babbled something incoherent and leaped to my feet, turning my chair over in the process.

I knelt behind her, popping the top button of my trousers and frantically fumbling at the zipper. Finally I got the damn thing open and jerked my pants and shorts down in one motion.

My iron-hard cock slid easily into her glorious asshole and I babbled deliriously, beside myself with delight at my first anal adventure. For years I had wanted to fuck Jessica like this, but the prurient groove we fell into ruled out any chance of that. After about six strokes I shot an immense load into Muriel's depths and pulled out.

Ever cool and uninhibited, like some professional courtesan, Muriel arose

"I could plainly see the silhouette of my wife kneeling on the sofa while Eddie stood flat-footed, fucking her doggie fashion."

and spread out on the sofa. Legs open, she began playing with her clitoris. "Want some of this, baby?" she crooned, gyrating against the heel of her hand.

I rose to my feet and took a step toward her, and tripped, forgetting that my pants were still tangled around my ankles. The momentum of my spill carried me forward and, though I got one hand out in time to break the fall, I ended up with my face flush against Muriel's damp bush.

"Oh!" she squealed, shifting around for a more comfortable position. "What a nice surprise!"

It had never been my intention to go down on my secretary, but since my face was already at the portals of her cunt, I figured, what the hell. Besides, I was hopelessly submerged beneath a sea of infidelity anyway, and the idea of eating her out had my cock jutting from between my legs again, like a stalagmite growing from a furry wall.

Practically a virgin at oral sex, I gingerly grazed through Muriel's thick brown mat, becoming increasingly entranced by the scent of her damp bush. I flicked an exploratory tongue across the top of her protruding clitoris, excited and delighted that my action caused her to tremble. Encouraged that I could make a woman feel like that with my mouth, I was soon wallowing in her swamp of moisture and hair. The more I burrowed my face into her pussy the more violently she shook, until finally she had to cover her mouth to muffle her screams of pleasure.

Soon after Muriel's climax I felt the juice within me surging toward an exit at the tip of my cock. I scrambled between her legs and frantically jabbed my prick at the lips of her pussy. Before I could get it in I ejaculated, spewing out a trail of sperm that ran from her cunt to her navel. As I collapsed on top of her she hugged me tightly and moved her stomach like a belly dancer, cumming again while the pressure of our compacted bodies rubbed my jism into the pores of our skin.

Hours later I sat behind my desk, savoring the experiences with my sweet secretary, especially the idea of reaching an orgasm while sucking her cunt. Almost with admiration at her straight-forwardness, I realized gratefully that had she not been so together erotically, I could have gone on another thirty-three years wrapped in my stiff sexual strait jacket.

Briefly I gave some thought to Jessica and a slight cloud of guilt floated over my sense of well-being. I



was still mulling over the morning's events when my intercom buzzed. I flicked the switch and Muriel's throaty voice, once again professional, came over the box.

"Are you taking calls? Your wife is on three."

"I'll take it," I sighed, realizing that eventually I would have to return to reality anyway. I picked up the phone, but before I could say "Hi" into the mouthpiece, Jessica was on my case.

"I've been trying to get you for hours!" she ranted. "What's with this he's-in-conference-bullshit anyway, big wheel?"

If I felt any remorse it quickly dissipated. "In case you don't know it, some people have to work," I said quietly, fighting my temper. "Or maybe you think the money for your new Datsun magically dropped down our chimney."

"Oh, shit!" I could see Jessica's eyes rolling at the ceiling in that ever familiar expression of digust she'd exhibited over the years. "We've been invited to Fred and Carolyn's," she said. "You want to go or not?"

STIFFLY I asked her what time we were expected. She said six-thirty. I said okay, but if I was late getting home, she should go ahead and I would come later. "Maybe I'll see you then, *dear*," she said, adding feigned sweetness to the last word, unable to resist a parting shot.

Along with the click of the phone at the other end of the line, something clicked inside of me. As far as I was concerned, this continual battle of wills was at an end. I had already spent the best half of my life married to an emotional and sexual desert and wasn't about to spend the rest of it trapped in this dried-up dream.

This wasn't the first time I had thought about a divorce, but always thoughts of the children came into the picture and I felt that our splitting up might endanger their chances of a normal life. At that moment it was my thinking that they would be better off with one parent, rather than two who constantly lived in a state of war. Also, for the first time in a long time, I considered myself.

With a great degree of relish I decided to drop the bombshell on Jessica right before we reached Fred and Carolyn's. That way I could enjoy the effects of my vindictive shot across her bow, as she tried to cope with the news, while fighting to keep up a pleasant demeanor for the others.

I left the office early, at four o'clock, so that I could beat the rush of traffic out of the city, and arrived home 40 minutes later. Jessica was on the phone when I walked in and I noticed with some satisfaction her open-mouthed surprise.

Not one to be caught off base, Jessica recovered quickly. "Oh ... yeah Carolyn," she said into the mouthpiece. "Listen, I'll take to you later." She hung up the phone. "What's the occasion?" she asked, as I headed up the stairs to change. "You ill or something?"

For the most part Jessica never failed to get a rise out of me. This time her shit didn't even penetrate and I viewed her snide remark with amusement. "Just thought I'd come home early so I could be with my charming wife," I replied offhandedly.

Jessica was speechless—and that was a first! I left her sputting at the bottom of the stairs, taking the steps two at a time, and went into my room. After I had changed into my most comfortable jeans and a yellow knit pullover I stood for a time looking out into the backyard, watching the kids frolic around with a couple of their friends from down the street. I knew I would miss them terribly, but Jessica could have the house for them to grow up in and, of course, I wouldn't haggle about continuing to take care of all monetary obligations.

At six on the button, the babysitter arrived and we left for Fred and Carolyn's. Despite the lack of sexual interest between us, I had to admit she looked stunning in a pink blouse and a

"Secretly I had always wanted to ball Fred's old lady."

flowery wrap-around skirt. For most of the half hour ride we remained silent, each of us locked into our own thoughts. When we pulled into our host's driveway I flicked off the ignition and dropped the bomb on her.

Jessica's reaction was a far cry from what I had expected. Instead of the hysterical tirade I had anticipated, she accepted the announcement quietly. She did turn her face away momentarily and in the semi-gloom of a rapidly descending dusk, I saw her shoulders shake as she muffled a sob.

Within seconds she had replaced her emotional armor. "Seems to be the only solution," she said presently, dabbing at her eyes with her knuckles. By the time Fred opened the door we were once again the Georgie Jessicals.

Robin Young was a petite blonde, with blue-lagoon eyes and an incredible set of oversized tits, though they somehow hung well anyway on her tiny body. She wore a knee-length dress, green, with a slit in the middle that revealed a flash of nicely tanned thighs every time she moved.

Eddie Young came across like a Hollywood stud. He sported a deep-blue blazer and a tight pair of grey flares. Underneath his jacket a half-unbuttoned, white silk shirt showed a well developed chest covered with curly black hair. A gold medalion hung around his neck.

We had met the couple once or twice, but neither Jessica or myself remembered their names. Aside from Carolyn and Fred there were no other people present.

FIRST came martinis, then some of Fred's best Colombian grass. Carolyn, sitting on the floor between two brown sofas that faced each other, raised an eyebrow when she tried to bypass me with a joint, and I intercepted it. Her surprise was understandable. Though Jessica and I smoked in the privacy of our home, neither of us was known to indulge the weed anywhere else.

As I took a deep drag on the joint I looked straight at Jessica. She sat on the opposite sofa next to Eddie, engrossed in a low-voiced conversation. When she absently took two hearty puffs on the party-sized joint I was taken slightly aback.

Soon we were all under the influence of one thing or another. The mood was jovial, relaxed, and the discussions covered everything from the New York Yankees to politics and the implications of another fuel shortage. Somehow the



conversation came around to "swinging." Eddie thought it was great. His wife supported him.

"As long as all parties are mutually attracted on one another," Robin said, pressing a warm thigh against mine. "I don't see where there's any harm."

On the floor next to his wife, Fred was bombed. His usually well-groomed brown hair hung in disarray down one side of his Ivy League face. He grinned foolishly and lit a reefer the size of a flare pen. While Carolyn took a monstrous drag on the joint, he moved closer to her, threw a loose arm around her shoulders and squeezed one of her breasts. "Sure beats cheating," he laughed. Carolyn giggled.

Though I definitely wanted to fuck Robin and Carolyn, the idea of someone else fucking my wife, and in the same room, filled me with disgust. Then I thought of Muriel and the things we'd done earlier that day, things that I could now do with the blonde goddess sitting next to me.

Before I could make a final decision, my mind was made up for me. So much for the old double standard. A glance at Eddie and Jessica showed them already in action. While he fondled her tits and kissed her hotly, one arm snaked around his neck and the other slipped inside his shirt.

"You and me, baby," I said to Robin, and flicked aside one half of her slitted skirt. The luscious blonde squeezed the impression a growing hard-on made in my denims, then with movements smooth as silk slid sideways onto my lap.

My fingers eagerly plucked off her lacey blue panties. Then I fumbled for snaps, buttons, anything that would loosen the dress from the hot cunt who breathed fire into my mouth. Eventually the top half fell to her waist and I immediately mashed my face between her voluptuous tits and shoved two fingers roughly into her tight wet pussy. She stood up to remove the bottom half of her dress, then helped me off with my denims and shorts while I tore off the yellow pullover. Naked and lovely she returned to my lap, facing me, and lowered her pussy onto my pulsating cock. As the tempo and pressure increased, I placed my arms under her thighs and soon had her glorious legs over my shoulders. With one hand on her ass and the other gripping her waist tightly, I lifted her up bodily, then jammed her brutally down against my pelvis, again, and again, and again. . . .

The orgasm must have generated from my toes because at the point of explosion my entire body became wracked with convulsions. Robin also started her entry into the orgasmic universe and lost all control. She sobbed loudly, tearing at my hair, raking her nails viciously across my shoulder-blades. Ohhhhhhhh. . . . " The rest became a series of indrawn breaths, gulps and gasps.

As Robin and I sat sagged against each other I distantly heard Jessica groan. The room was too dark to make out faces, but I could plainly see the silhouette of my wife kneeling on the sofa while Eddie stood flat-footed, fucking her doggie fashion. Her moans of utopian pleasure caused me to raise a lazy eyebrow.

Robin's wet mouth interrupted my thoughts. "Don't seem fair to keep all the good stuff in one place," she said, nuzzling my ear. Then into the dimness, "anybody want to switch?"

Robin slid off of my lap and I closed my eyes and laid back, listening to the sounds of Eddie and Jessica. "Oh Eddie! You big-dick bastard! Deeper! Harder!"

THE idea of another man fucking my wife no longer bothered me, but I did experience a feeling of being cheated, finding out too late that I'd been living with a wanton bitch for years and hadn't been able to enjoy it. Our lovemaking had been practically devoid of sound or movement, nothing more than a few cursory shoves and little else. Before I could introspect further, Carolyn's lips touched the matted hair on my chest.

Secretly I had always wanted to fuck Fred's old lady. She was the complete

"Incensed with lust, I placed both of my hands behind Carolyn's head and tried to shove my dick down her windpipe."

opposite of Robin, average tits and a curvy hour-glass figure on an Amazonian frame. Her hair hung long, black, sleek and loose around her shoulders.

Her tongue reamed my navel and as her mouth moved downward she knelt on the floor in front of the sofa. I inched forward and she responded to my signal, licking my balls and pushing her hot tongue into the crack of my ass hair. Then she was gobbling my dick like it was her last meal on earth, slobbering wetly so that my crotch became drenched with saliva.

Incensed with lust I placed both of my hands behind Carolyn's head and tried to shove my dick down her windpipe. She frantically fought her way free and sat back on her legs, choking in great gulps of air. "Bend over the coffee table!" I snarled between clenched teeth. "I want to shove my cock in your asshole!"

Not quite fully recovered from my savage assault on her throat, Carolyn complied anyway, and I fell to my knees behind her. She reached between her legs for my dick and tugged it toward her ass. Obviously Fred had worked her anal channel, as the hole was already loose and well lubricated, but that was just as well and I wasted no time breaking it in, instantly plunging and long-stroking, grunting each time her ass pounded back against me.

Without bothering to go for the fringe benefits, Carolyn and I went straight for the downs. We shot our loads simultaneously and fell away from each other, flopping haphazardly into the deep shag rug. It was only then that I became conscious of the fact that Jessica had paired off with Fred. Too pooped to pop, motionless, burned out, I listened with half an ear to their ecstatic emissions.

"I've always . . . wanted . . . your cock . . . " Jessica gurgled, her words punctuated by half-choking sounds.

"Just suck my prick, you fucking bitch!" Fred growled, completely out of character with his Ivy League image. "Suck my. . . ." His voice trailed off, replaced by increased slurping noises, then a room shattering "Ooooooouuuuuuuccccch," indicating either great pain or an earth-shaking jubilance.

An hour and a half later Jessica and I were heading for home. Quiet once again prevailed, but I'm sure that the thoughts floating around in our head differed from those on the ride over. Just like me, Jessica must have been thinking of the complete about-face both of us had taken, at the same time wondering why we had been unable to



kindle this same sort of fiery abandon in each other. By the time we pulled into the driveway I had decided to fuck Jessica royally, even if I had to rape her.

While Jessica paid off the babysitter I went up to my room and took off my clothes. The idea of fucking her like an animal had me pacing the floor. As her footsteps sounded on the top landing, I called her into my room.

She came to the doorway and coldly surveyed my nakedness, my hard on. "What's the point?" she sighed. "If you think anything's changed, you're dead wrong."

I wasn't in the mood for a debate on the subject. Neither had it crossed my mind that by fucking Jessica I would change anything. Too much water had passed under the bridge. I simply felt an almost uncontrollable lust for her, like a monk in recluse who, after half a lifetime, realized that the cloistered life was not for him.

I reached out and grabbed her arm, pulling her inside the bedroom. In the same motion I kicked the door shut with my foot. "Take off your clothes!" I ordered in a no-nonsense tone.

SHE stood in the center of the room, making no move to undress, puzzlement dominating her beautiful Liz Taylor face. "You must be mad!" she exclaimed. "You can't . . ."

Like a muscle-man for the Mob I reached out and grabbed a fistfull of blouse and with a violent yank tore it off. She started to protest, changed her mind after looking at my face and covered her mouth with a hand. I took a step forward. She retreated, banged into the bed with the back of her knees and fell onto the mattress. She didn't resist as I unzipped her skirt and pulled it off.

I clutched the back of her head with one hand and jammed my lips against hers as hard as I could. While my tongue tasted and licked the insides of her mouth, my free hand tore her panties away in shreds, and moved to cruelly abuse the soft mounds of her shapely ass. With my free hand I pushed her legs backwards, pinning them to the bed with an arm, then like a rabid canine I gnawed at her sweet tits before moving downward to lap her pussy, her clitoris, her asshole, making sure that I swallowed the sticky secretions that flowed from her gaping vagina.

Slowly at first, then faster, then avidly she started humping my mouth. I stifled a cry of happiness as her hands now found the back of my head and she started grinding so hard that my lips were forced back against my teeth, until the edges cut into flesh.

"All these years!" Jessica cried, tears of joy streaming down her face. "Oh darling. . . . " Her body became consumed by innumerable twitches and quakes as she neared a climax. "Darling, don't ever stop fucking me!" she wailed. "Oh, I'm cumming . . . cumming . . . cumming!"

Near delirium, my own orgasm began building in my nuts and as I tried to shove my cock all the way to her heart, my knees buckled, and the cum spurted into her, taking with it every last drop of strength in my body.

I woke up as the sun peeped through the blinds, making latticed patterns on the bedroom floor. During the night Jessica had moved and now lay curled in the crook of my arm, her body snuggled close to mine, her face relaxed and peaceful.

That was five months ago and we've never looked back. Whenever the urge hits us, we swing, but mainly we fuck each other and between the two we have outlets to siphon off our frustrations, and the intimacy needed to ward off our previous vendettas.

Swinging might not be everybody's cup of tea, but any day in the week you can get two hearty endorsements from this quarter. And if you do get into the swing of swinging and happen to be in the northern New Jersey—New York area, ask for the George Jessicals. We're the hottest things on the circuit.

TALK TO ME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

began to show me her vagina while licking my cock. She then squatted over my face and very gently rubbed her pussy all over my face. As I licked her pussy, it made my cock throb. Seeing this, Janette took my cock in her mouth and gave me my first blowjob.

The amazing thing that prompted me to write to you is that Janette could be your twin sister, except her tits are much smaller. To have both of you naked would really be far-out!

My question is, should I stick to learning from Janette? Or should I try to see what young girls are like?

Love,
Steve
Los Angeles, California

Dear Steve,

Education is something we gotta' recycle, and you shouldn't deprive others of your wicked wisdom. Sure you should see what young girls are like, and vice versa. Remember, Janette was a young girl not so long ago herself. At your age, it's not healthy to lock yourself into one relationship, particularly one that is solely sexual.

I don't have a twin that I know of, but you sure are a lucky devil having a G.L. look-alike to lick.

SWING, SWUNG, SWANG!

Dear Gloria,

Been reading *H.S.* for months now and really enjoy it. Thought that people writing letters about swinging and extramarital sex were bullshitting, but last night, my wife and I found that swinging really does happen—and it's great!

We were one of seven couples attending a party, which started to get wild. Before I even knew it, Joan, my wife, disappeared with two of the guys. I found out later that they took her into another room, stripped her, ate her cunt and then fucked her. She was half-dressed and in a pleasant daze when I found her. I was hurt and shocked at first. I couldn't believe my wife would let other guys fuck her and enjoy it as she apparently did. What a blow to my pride and ego. But then I got an education, too.

Betty, the wife of one of the guys who fucked Joan, got me into another room and got my cock throbbing hard. She rubbed it through my pants at first, then we both undressed and she blew me off. I was still hard, probably because she was someone new, and we fucked for a long time. I'd always wondered what she'd be like in bed, and she was fantastic! What a blowjob; what a cunt; damn, what a lady!

When we returned to the main room, the host told me that each woman had stationed herself in a different room and we could fuck any of them we wanted but no B/D, S/M or other way-out stuff. I don't know how I did it, but I fucked two wives of the other men in between looking for my own wife. When I found Joan, she was laying on top of one guy whose cock was buried up her ass, and a second guy had his dick up her cunt. And damned if a third guy didn't have his cock down her throat! My hurt faded into excitement and fascination as I watched the three guys fucking my wife in every one of her openings. Her sound told the world that she loved what was happening.

I watched a while, and then went looking for some unoccupied ladies. The first one I found was Rita, a six-foot amazon with small but interesting tits, dark hair, blue eyes, an ass that had gotten bigger from what I'd remembered from college days, and a cunt she now kept shaved. Rita laughed when I came into her room and flung her legs wide open. I'm a coward in the face of a pussy, especially a shaved one, so I immediately knelt and began eating her just like I did when we were in college. Through her passionate moans she whispered, "Oh, George, you've improved with age." Then she creamed into my mouth with a series of

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forceful squirts. Delicious!

Joan was fucked by every man present except me. I got her when we got home, and she's still asleep. I fucked four of the women and my cock wouldn't rise again till I got home. My wife's improved with age, too. She's forty and fantastic!

Dear George,

I think every "mate" secretly fantasizes about having sex with someone new and with the approval of his or her partner. Swinging reduces, even eliminates, the guilt which usually accompanies solo seducing. The spontaneity of your swinging affair appears to have been the result, however, of a somewhat organized orgy, though you may not have been aware of it.

There are thousands and thousands of couples like yourselves who, despite a dignified, straight image, engage in harmless swinging. Your torrid tale merely reinforces the adage about not knocking something until you've tried it.

LEGAL BRIEF

Dear Gloria,

I have just read your magazine for the first time. Bravo! What a refreshing change from the beavers, bunnies, foxes and turtles of the competition! Just looking at your luscious ladies kept me up all night, and I mean that literally. Can I sue your magazine for a sore dick and a cramped hand?

Thanks and love,
Ron
Moundsville, W.Va.

Dear Ron,

Only if we can settle out of court!

HOW DO YOU HANDLE A HUNGRY MAN?!

Dear Gloria,

My wife enjoys the letters in *Talk To Me* more than the pictures. Keep up the good work you are doing with *High Society*.

Georgia, my wife, has been trying to get me to suck another man's cock for two years. Her sister-in-law wanted me to do it too, but I'm the type who only likes hetrosex and wouldn't do it. Both women are bi-sexual as I discovered when my sister-in-law's husband left her, whereupon she moved in with us. She and Georgia began making it with each other almost immediately, and within a month I accidently walked in and caught them in the act. I was shocked to see them licking and sucking each other so intimately, but the sight of it was absolutely beautiful. I got stiff just watching, and the ladies kept doing each other even after I'd walked in on them.

A few weeks ago, Georgia told me that I'd either suck another guy's cock while Betty and she watched or she'd stop go-



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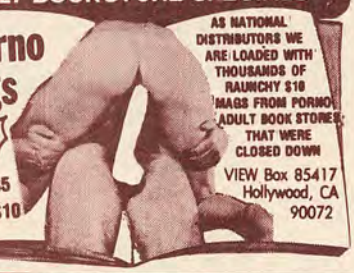
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Cindy Lee,
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ing to bed with me and find another man to fuck her! I told her to go to hell.

A few days later, she called me while she was out shopping and told me to meet her at a certain motel because she just met a man who was going to fuck her! Damn, nobody's going to fuck my wife, so I sped to the motel and saw Georgia's cadillac. I didn't know which room she was in, so I waited until she came out, thoroughly fucked of course! I sat there for five minutes, really steaming. Then one of the doors opened and Georgia stood there looking the parking lot over. A guy stepped out behind her, and my stomach felt like I'd been punched! I went into the room; the guy was much bigger than I, but I knew I could handle him. As I walked in, he thanked me for letting him have my wife.

I was crushed and angry all at once. Georgia grinned at me and pulled up her skirt. She had no panties on; she opened her legs saying, "Darling, just in case you don't believe we had sex I saved something for you. Look!"

She opened her cunt with her fingers and squeezed her cunt muscles. God, his cum oozed out and splattered on to the carpet as she grinned widely at me. Then she said, "He wants me again right now, and I told him I'd let him have me if you didn't want to blow him!"

Christ! I was hurt, but I meekly agreed to suck the man's cock, knowing how to do it because Georgia and Betty have sucked mine enough—and they're both damn good! Georgia called Betty, and she came right over. Both women sat down with satisfied smiles on their faces as the giant stripped. Betty told me to undress, too, because as I sucked the guy's cock, they wanted to see me playing with mine! He laid back on the bed. I knelt in front of him on the floor, also in front of the women with my balls hanging, and I began licking up and down the cock that had just fucked my wife! I sucked him off and swallowed every drop. The women were delighted, and I was told by the guy that I give great head. I'm doing blowjobs now when the women want me to.

Jason D.
Salisbury, N.C.

Dear Jason,

Did ya' hear the one that goes, "Shot pool all my life and nobody ever called me a pool shooter, but suck just one cock . . ." Seriously, your boy-eats-boy story was enough to burn my bikinis! I think seeing two men together is very hot and refreshing. More men are owning up to the fact that it's not a blot on their macho image if they submit to a homosexual urge. You neglected to indicate, however, whether or not you enjoyed the sausage snack.

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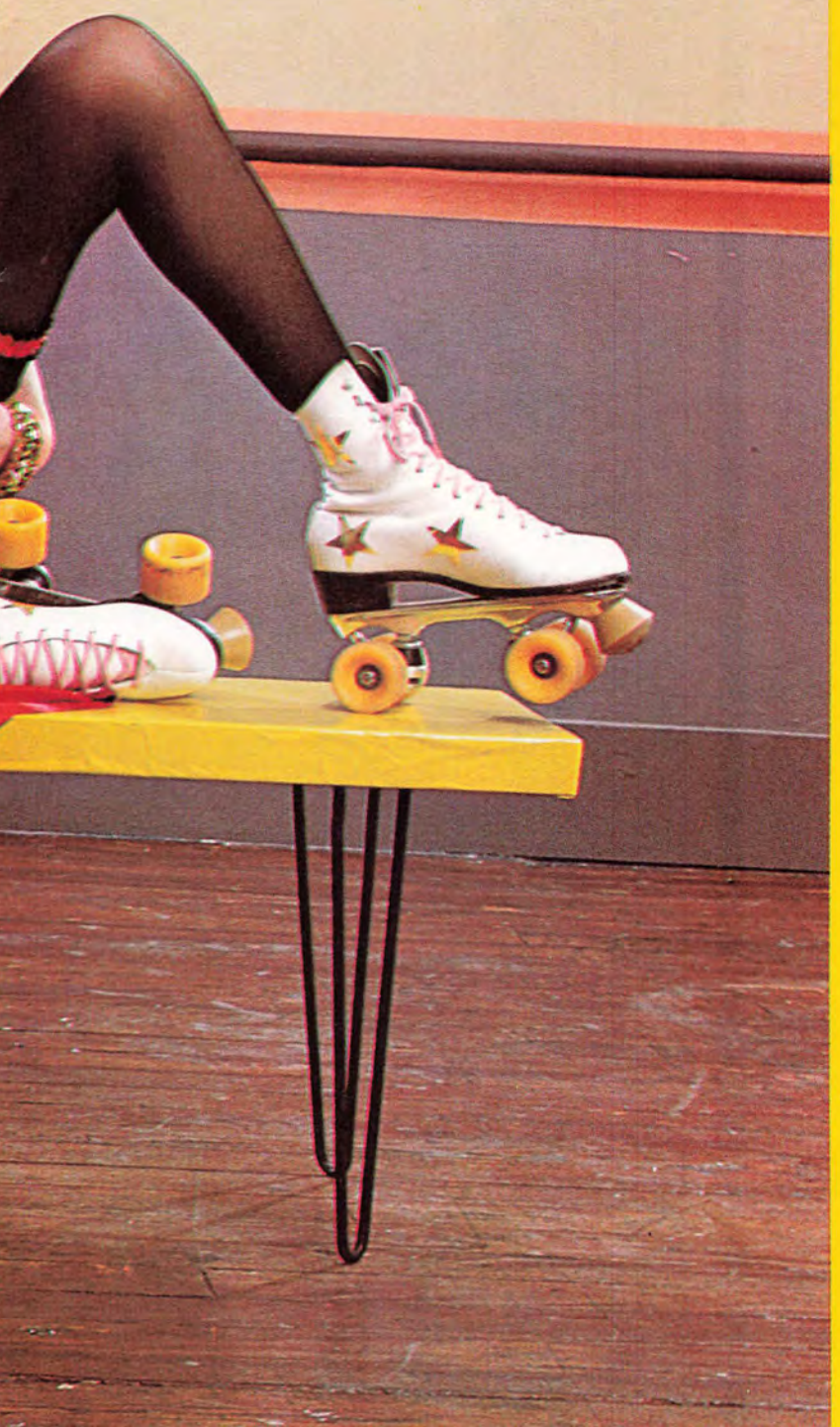
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Reader Fantasy-of-the-Month

ROLLER-BALL-HER-DISCO







Dear *High Society*,

When I was a kid I was crazy about roller-skating and spent as much time as I could zipping up and down the block like a madman. As I grew older, though, I got into other things—like girls and disco dancing—and kind of forgot about it. But when the roller disco craze hit I decided to take it up again.











As I began making the rounds of the roller disco clubs, I developed this delicious fantasy which I call "Roller-ball-her-disco." The fantasy goes something like this: I go inside a roller disco that's empty except for this dark-haired chick who's skating to the music. When she spots me, she skates over, grabs my hand and begins leading me around the rink. As we do this, we peel each other's clothes off until we're both down to nothing but socks and skates. Finally we come out of a turn, whereupon she breaks away from me, stops in the middle of the floor and bends over. This is my cue to skate over and roll my throbbing tool into her hot little twat. Once we accomplish this little maneuver, we commence with a hump to the hustle on wheels! As the beat gets stronger, so does our fuck, until we're going at it like caveman and cavewoman. At last we can't hold back any longer and let loose in one dynamite cum that leaves us very spent—and very happy.

I don't think my fantasy will start a new disco craze, but I'm sure it will turn your readers on as much as it does me.

Stan G.
San Jose, California

Send your fantasies to: Reader Fantasy-of-the-Month, *High Society* Magazine, 801 Second Ave., New York, New York 10017

THE MODEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

"I'm buying a car. I want you to help me pick one out."

"Sure. But I don't know anything about cars."

He ignored her protest. "We're driving up to Stockbridge to eat and spend the night. I want you to suck me while I'm driving."

"Yes," she said breathily, her thighs damp with excitement.

"I don't want to buy a car only to find out it can't be done. You'll have to try it for space."

She nodded and let herself be ushered into the showroom.

A MIDDLE-AGED couple was inside, looking with idle curiosity at the four sports cars in the showroom. The lone salesman, a young man of college age, was trying to sell them a bright green TR-7, a graduation present for their son. They didn't seem especially interested, and Muller walked right up.

"If I buy this, can you get the plates today?" he asked.

"Today?" the man asked.

"I intend to pay cash."

The salesman was taken aback, but not so much so he couldn't answer. "Yes, in that case, I think it can be done."

Muller indicated for Stephanie to get into the car on the passenger's side. "Try it," he snapped.

She did as she was told. As the middle-aged couple and the salesman watched in astonishment, she slipped down to the floor and tried several positions before settling on one which would allow her to fellate him. Red-faced, the couple hurried out of the showroom. The salesman looked to Muller for an explanation, but got only a self-satisfied smirk. After a moment, he retreated into the back rooms, from which a confused babble of voices soon came.

"Will it do?" Muller asked.

"Yes," she replied, "perfectly."

"Good. We'll go somewhere for a drink while that idiot salesman gets the plates for me."

Four hours later the green roadster cruised northward on the Saw Mill River Parkway past the New Croton Reservoir. It was dinnertime and the commuter rush was on, but they were still able to make good time.

Once past the reservoir, the car speeded up and, with the top down, the wind whipped Stephanie's hair around wildly. The traffic thinned out, but there were still enough drivers on the road to make an audience.

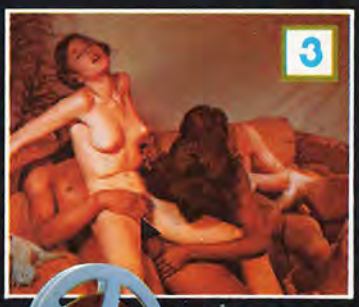
Muller took his hand from the gear shift and plunged it between Stephanie's legs. He tore at the fabric

Sex Fever

3 BIG 200ft. COLOR ADULT FILMS

A Triple Dose of the Most Potent Adult Entertainment on the Market







Catch the fever with one, two, or all three of these specially selected color film features: See the one and only John Holmes and Candy Samples in a sexual "Battle of the Giants"; Watch two talented nymphs display their most unique combination of sexual skills; Witness the unusual as the sizzling eroticism of interracial sex comes alive on your screen! Each of these unique, vibrant, full-color films comes in Regular 8 or Super 8. Please specify below.

Use entire advertisement as an order form.

Check film selections in appropriate boxes below.

1 JOHN & CANDY - Exclusive! John "Superstud" Holmes meets his match when "Giant Jugs" Candy Samples gives his 14" love muscle a workout that'll go down in History! #AF-672 $19.95

2 ANAL SEX SISTERS - Two beautiful brunettes who specialize in oral treats and wild "backdoor sex" show a young stud new and different ways to get off. #AF-666 $19.95

3 BLACK/WHITE DYNAMITE - A hip black duo and swinging white couple come together for a scorching 4-way orgy. "Integrated intercourse" at its hottest and wettest. #AF-444 $19.95

Check Your Preference: ☐ Reg. 8 mm ☐ Super 8 mm

SAVE $20.00 BUY ALL 3 FILMS & GET 2 $5 MAGS FREE $70 VALUE only $49.95

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS

CHARGE CARDS ONLY 1-800-423-2355

Calif. residents dial 1-800-232-2175

24 hr. Day 7 Day Wk.

MUST BE 21

I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and authorize you and affiliated companies to mail me such advertisements, unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I prefer to receive these advertisements in plain envelopes, rather than having the words "Sexually Oriented Ad" or any similar information appear on the outside of the envelope. I am receiving or purchasing the sexually oriented material for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish or exhibit it to minors. I believe that an adult citizen has the constitutional right to view or read ANY material he desires, including sexually explicit material. I also believe that such material does not offend the standards or laws of the community in which I live. I am not a postal inspector.

I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to so notify you in writing within 3 days, requesting you to remove my name from your lists.

Signature:_____ Age:_____

Print Your Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

Diverse Industries, Inc. Dept. DA 7651 Haskell Ave. Van Nuys, Ca. 91406

For our friends without a projector... we're offering this 100% GUARANTEED – Convertible - 8mm/Super 8mm

Movie Viewer



- Requires only 2 small penlite batteries.
- Large, bright color or B & W image.
- Accepts any length film up to 200ft.
- Adjustable focus eyepiece.
- Precision, no-skip shutter.
- 15 second threading.
- Stops action on any frame.

$14.95 with the purchase of any film. alone $19.95

☐ #N-504a – Reg. 8mm Viewer (Converts to Super 8mm)

☐ #N-504b – Super 8mm Viewer (Converts to Reg. 8mm)

NASTY GIRL

. . . loves to play doctor, "do her thing" and take pictures. You'll be freaked out by how young & horny I am. Personal letter and 8 sticky photos, $3.

Chris Ramsey, Box 1129-E- R 96
Washington, Penna. 15301

FREE $25 GRAB BAG



Illustrated **ADULT** *Magazines*

PLUS GIANT CATALOG
$2 SHIPPING DEPOSIT
(REFUNDED ON FIRST CATALOG ORDER)

rushed by return mail

SAN-J Dpt. 976
Box 35268, L.A., CA 90035

OUR REGULAR 200' FILMS SELL FOR $10 EACH — SO GRAB THIS SPECIAL OFFER NOW!

FREE HARDCORE MOVIE



WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS FILM FREE! WITH ABSOLUTELY NO OBLIGATION, BECAUSE WHEN YOU'VE SEEN IT, WE KNOW YOU'LL BE ORDERING MORE FROM OUR CATALOG!
Enclose $1 Postage & Handling

KIM FILM DEPT. HS7
6311 YUCCA ST. HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

FREE 24-PAGE CATALOG OF 200 FT. HARDCORE FILMS
OVER 200 NEW FILMS



RENT FOR $2
—OR—
BUY FOR $15

FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG AND FIRST FILM SEND $2 (postage & handling) TO:
ACTION EXCHANGE
Dept HS7 Box 69765
Los Angeles, Ca 90069

4 Free Movies
AND WHOLESALE CATALOG RUSHED BY RETURN MAIL!



PLEASE ENCLOSE $1 POSTAGE & HANDLING TO

CINEMA
DEPT. HS7 BOX 85417
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90072

800 FT FREE



OF OUR DIRTIEST MOVIES
FOUR — 200 ft COLOR FILMS
RAUNCHY, PERVERTED TITLES THAT CANNOT BE LISTED IN THIS AD
RUSH $1 FOR CATALOG & INFO TO:
COLOR MOVIES
BOX 85051 HOLLYWOOD, CA 90072

IMPOSSIBLE SEX ACTS!



4 COLOR FILMS ☐ $3
4 MAGAZINES ☐ $3
ALL 8 ☐ $5

FILM EXPERIENCES
BOX 85051 L.A., CA 90072

FULL CLIMAX MOVIES
& FREE HARDCORE CATALOG
Your Over-21 Signature Brings One Film For $3 — Or 4 Films For Only $10



CLASSIC IMP
Box 27041
Hollywood, CA 90027

reg. $10 **PORNO MAGAZINES!**

64 COLORFULLY ILLUSTRATED PAGES
OF RAUNCHY BIZARRE SEX



only $2.00 ea.

☐ 2 MAGAZINES $3.00
☐ 4 MAGAZINES $5.00

PLUS FREE DISCOUNT CATALOG

MAGAZINE DISCOUNT Box 85311 L.A., Cal. 90072

SPECIAL **400 FT.** OFFER OF **All COLOR!!**

HARDCORE FEATURETTES

Only $9.95 each

Here Are The Latest European Hardcore Full Length Featurettes of Perverted Women in Kinky Screwing Films

FREE VIEWER WITH TWO OR MORE FILMS!



1 VIRGIN RAPE
SHE'S KIDNAPED AND FORCED TO SATISFY TWO BIG STUDS AT THE SAME TIME



THE BABYSITTER 2
BABYSITTER IS CAUGHT PUSSY PLAYING BY HORNY COUPLE WHO SEDUCE HER



3 COME WITH MAMA
MAMA GIVES HER LITTLE HONEY A LESSON IN LESBIAN LOVE



SUCK OFF ORGY 4
TEACHER KEEPS THE GIRLS AFTER SCHOOL FOR SOME ORAL SEX EXPERIMENTS



PERVERTED HOUSEWIFE 5
SHE'LL TAKE ON ANYTHING INCLUDING HER FAVORITE SEX PET



THE ASS LOVERS 6
THREE HOT CHICKS ENJOYING GREEK SEX WITH FINGERS & TONGUE.



GOLDEN SHOWERS 7
TWO GIRLS USE EACH OTHER AND THEIR CAPTIVE SLAVE FOR LOTS OF KINKY WET SEX



FIRST CLIMAX 8
THE BOYS JOIN IN WHEN THE POM POM GIRLS BECOME THE DILDO GIRLS

Color Film Ltd., Dept HS 19 Box 85051, Los Angeles, Ca. 90072

$9.95 EACH

ANY 4 $30

SPECIAL! ALL 8 $50

CIRCLE NUMBER OF EACH FILM ORDERED

1	2
3	4
5	6
7	8

AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____ ☐ REG 8 ☐ SUPER 8

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



Now see all your favorite X-rated motion pictures on **Quality-X Video Cassettes**

The world's foremost producer and distributor of feature-length motion pictures presents the greatest collection of Video Cassettes of Adult film that are currently playing in the finest motion picture theaters around the country. Enjoy them in your own privacy, NOW! Complete giant catalog available. Send $1.00 (deductible) to cover postage and handling. Over 21 only—state age.

VIDEX INTERNATIONAL, LTD.
Dept. HS779 507 Fifth Avenue N.Y., N.Y. 10017

FREE SAMPLE DECK PORNO PLAYING CARDS
FULL COLOR & UNCENSORED



Everything goes in this raunchy collection of sucking, fucking, ass-hole stuffing, lesbian action and group sex. Incredible hot and wet scenes—all in FULL COLOR.

PLUS FREE GIANT PORNO CATALOG AND FREE $ $ $ CREDIT COUPON. You must see it to believe it! Send $2.00 postage and handling.

Over 21 only-state age.

PREVIEWS Dept. HS779
234 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001





































of her panties, and she frantically pushed them down her legs and onto the floor. She hiked her skirt up over her hips and sat on his hand as his fingers sought her out. Muller pressed his thumb into her ass and a finger into her vagina and rubbed the two together inside her.

Stephanie screamed and groped at his belt. Then she was on the floor, curled up as she had been in the auto showroom. She fumbled Muller's fly open and pulled out his cock. Two nearby drivers gaped as Stephanie wrapped her fingers around it and stared at it, her mouth falling open in anticipation. It had been years since she went down on anyone, and even that one time she had not completed the act. Her reluctance had nothing to do with morality; she found fellatio clumsy and unromantic. But that was years ago. With Muller, she knew it was the only way she could properly adore him.

Stephanie pressed her lips against the head of his cock, kissed it tenderly, then plunged her head down on it. She cradled his balls from beneath and felt a pulsing warmth in her loins as she moved up and down on him. Muller swelled inside her and worked a hand into her hair. He moved her up and down faster and faster until her mouth was flying over his cock and she was moaning loud enough to be heard over the rush of the wind and the roar of the motor. Then Stephanie felt a throbbing in his balls and he jammed her head all the way down on him as a warm fluid filled her mouth and throat. She swallowed it all, tears streaming down her face, and when he released her she collapsed against him, whispering "I love you" over and over.

Stephanie knew it was perfect. There could be no more perfect life for her. There would be no work, no decisions to make, nothing to do but please him.

THE early morning sunlight filled the room, waking her and causing her to shield her eyes. Stephanie stumbled to the bathroom, urinated, and gargled with the small bottle of mouthwash she had bought in the motel store. When she climbed back into bed, she draped her arm over where he should have been, but found no one. Startled, she sat up and switched on the light.

Muller was gone. His clothes were not in the closet, and the TR-7 was gone from the lot. All that remained was a $100 bill wrapped in a piece of motel stationery and stuck in an envelope.

Stephanie called the desk clerk, but the man hadn't seen Muller leave. She was alone. She looked at herself in the mirror, and the nude body of which she once was so proud seemed to have grown tired during the one month she had known him.

Stephanie turned the lights out,

FREE VIEWER! 8 DIFFERENT MOVIES AND VIEWER FOR ONLY $4.95

8mm color stags

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LMP. HS 19
BOX 85051
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

INTRODUCTORY OFFER 30 DAYS ONLY!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY
No Gimicks - No Strings.
A genuine SEX SLAVE of your own. She'll never say no. You'll enjoy and use her for years to cum!

FREE LIFE-SIZE! DOLL

RUSH $2. Postage plus $1 Handling

ELECTRONIC

ALL FEMALE ORGANS ARE REALISTIC!

5' TALL

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
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Los Angeles, CA 90072

SUPER HOT

SUCKING MAGAZINES

OVER 500 EROTIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF EXCITING SEX

$2.95 2 FOR $5

BARGAIN MAGAZINES
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L.A., CA 90072

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Candy Samples

Candy & her famous 46" tits in 3 exclusive hot action sex flicks!

☐ Candy & Dick-$1
☐ Candy & 2 Girls-$1
☐ Candy & Her Dildos-$1
ADULTS ONLY!

☐ ALL 3 FILMS ONLY $1.93

West Coast Sales • Box 5450 DA Sherman Oaks, Ca. 91413

PICTURES OF MY 4 GIRLS

New censorship restrictions on magazine publishers prevent me from telling you how old they are or what my girls are doing in them. You can't get this kind of stuff from the big dealers any more. (May shoot films, too.) **8 big glossies, $3 . . . 20, only $5.**

Mrs. Hale, Apt. N 315
30529 Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Ca. 90030

BE A BETTER LOVER!
No Pills - No Gimmicks.
SIMPLY APPLY CREAM AND SOFT LATEX SUPPLEMENT OVER HEAD OF PENIS.

ADDS INCHES IMMEDIATELY

only $4.95

SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

ENLARGE YOUR PENIS... SECRETLY

NO ONE WILL KNOW EXCEPT YOU!

M.K. MFG. CO. • BOX 2127, DEPT. HS7 • TOLUCA LAKE, CA 91602

WE CAN HELP YOU TURN ON ANY GIRL YOU DESIRE

Our new PERSUADER formulas work like magic for thousands of men. Samples of 5 different formulas, just $2.

FORM-ULA Dist. Dept. 976
Box 35276, L.A., CA 90035

MAGAZINES & FILMS OF *Naughty Nookies!*

	200' Film	Mags
PUSSY ORGY	☐ $3	☐ $2
SUCK & SWALLOW	☐ $3	☐ $2
TEASING TEACHER	☐ $3	☐ $2
BEING PUNISHED	☐ $3	☐ $2
ALL FOUR	☐ $10	☐ $5

Photopix
Box 69765 Los Angeles, CA 90069

— WHO NEEDS —
"SPANISH FLY"?

You don't! Even if you could get it, it would be dangerous. We have safe, legal, laboratory tested methods. Send for samples. Six different formulas, only $3. Aids catalog (worth $2) included FREE.

MALE PROD., Dept. 0 197
30529 Terminal Annex, L.A., Ca. 90030

WORLD'S LARGEST LIQUIDATION SALE!

FREE! GIANT CATALOG

USED PORNO FILM

NOTHING OVER $1

ENJOY OUR FILMS... THEN TRADE EM IN!

Any film sold from our catalog will be accepted back in trade. Therefore we are loaded with good condition used films.

Family Orgy ☐ $1
Teenage Lesbians ☐ $1
Sucking Stewardess ☐ $1
Masturbating Mamas ☐ $1
Horsing Around ☐ $1
Coming Lesbians ☐ $1
Big Tits and Ass ☐ $1
Pottie Playmates ☐ $1
Unusual Studs ☐ $1
Smooth Snatch ☐ $1
Black Beaver ☐ $1
Daisy Chain ☐ $1

Black and White Sex ☐ $1
Spanking Teacher ☐ $1
Daddys Little Girl ☐ $1
Wife Swappers ☐ $1
Office Orgy ☐ $1
Gang Bang ☐ $1
Kidnapped ☐ $1
Big Suck Off ☐ $1
Forced Rape ☐ $1
Shaved Pussies ☐ $1
Wet Sex Party ☐ $1
Golden Shower ☐ $1

SELECTION GUARANTEED!

All Films listed in this ad have been accepted back in trade, and are in excellent condition. If we are temporarily out of any used title, we will gladly substitute a brand new one in its place!

Super 8 or Reg 8

BEST DEAL IN THE PORNO FIELD
Any 6 Films $5
Any 12 Films $10
All 24 Films $20

Gentlemen; enclosed please find $_____ for the films I have checked above. I understand I will also receive complete details on how I may trade-in my films as often as I wish.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MEDIA MOVIES Dept. HS19 Box 85311, Hollywood, Ca. 90072

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200 FT. B-W COLOR

LOLIPOP SUCKERS ☐ $3 ☐ $5
CREAM EATERS ☐ $3 ☐ $5
PUSSY CLIMAX ☐ $3 ☐ $5
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ALL 4 PARTS ☐ $10 ☐ $15

FREE catalog included

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950 HOT WET HORNY SEX PHOTOS

ORAL CHICKLETS • GAY TADS • MOMS & DADS • MUTUAL MASTURBATION VIBRATOR LEZZIES AND MANY MORE

1¢ each

Film, aids & mag. catalog incl. free

MIN ORDER $2.00
500 ONLY $4
ALL 950 ONLY $6

GALE, BOX 30529 D 435
LOS ANGELES, Ca. 90030

The REAL THING

liquid SPANISH FLY

spurious

Use on the coldest women to **heat** them up **fast!** Motivates body action and urges her to desire you. No harmful effects. Just drop in food or drink and **boost your make-out score!**

☐ one bottle $5 ☐ Special! 3 for only $10

KARE, Dept. 3976 6311 Yucca • Hollywood, CA 90028

HARD CORE FILM COLLECTORS

☐ Boy & Girl ☐ Lesbians ☐ Orgies
☐ Masturbation ☐ Animals ☐ Oral Sex

Send $1.00 for SAMPLE FILM
3 for $2.00 ALL six $3.00
C. DANIELS Box 446 — HS779
Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017





HOW WOULD YOU LIKE AN *INSTANT BLOWJOB?*

If you've ever had a pair of soft, supple, wet lips and a slithering tongue doing their thing on you where it feels best, you know how it's a sensation that's hard to beat!

NOW YOU CAN ENJOY EVEN MORE PLEASURABLE SUCKING-LIKE SENSATIONS ANY TIME YOU WISH

. . . and at a price less than half what you'd expect!"

It's no secret . . . the SUCK-U-TRON is a knock-off!The original (with a similar name) was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges $24.95. But using computer technology, we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling anytime you get in the mood, you need not pay $24.95, because we charge only **$9.95**

The SUCK-U-TRON can give you the exotic feeling of an expert blowjob. In fact, it's even better because it has a built-in humming, vibrating action to send you up the wall. You control how fast it sucks and hums . . . a teasing, toying, drawn out orgy of ecstasy, or a lightning rocket ride to ball blasting release. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till the right girl comes along, you need the SUCK-U-TRON!

Deluxe SUCK-U-TRON $9.95

(Easy to keep clean. Lasts for years.)

Get one for a friend, too.10% discount when you buy 2 or more.

MED SUPPLY CO. Box 64748 Dept. 976 L.A.,Calif. 90064

Name

Address

City State Zip

Please send Suck-U-Trons at $9.95 each . . $

I am ordering 2 or more, so I'm deducting 10% . . $

Net amount of order . . $

In California, add 6% sales tax . . $

Postage & Packaging . . $ 1.00

Total amount enclosed . . $

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

crawled into bed and wrapped the quilt around her. She began to cry and was still crying ten hours later when the police finally brought Margaret to her.

It was a week before Margaret got her to talk, and another before she ate voluntarily. Her ribs showed through her skin, which had turned deathlike from pallor. To give her a deadline, a purpose, Margaret announced the reopening of her studio and forced a camera into her hands. Stephanie stood in front of the mirror and focused it on herself, but took no photos. Then, abruptly, she focused it on the photo of Muller that was still hanging on the wall next to her Pulitzer shots. As the focusing ring closed on him, Muller looked at last like a sniper's victim. Stephanie pressed the shutter release and heard the vindicating crack of a rifle.

She found Danielle Gitalle's last letter before she had killed herself, and read the words:

I have met the most wonderful man. I don't know anything about him, but I've never been so drawn to anyone. It's like nothing else matters but him. Not work, not anything. All the pressures are gone. Funny, but I've only known him a month.

He started in Berlin. Then Rome, and after that he surfaced in New York. Where next? Stephanie wondered. Chicago or San Francisco. More likely Montreal. He was headed in that direction. Dear *angelo della la morte*. Yet, she had survived.

It was only after she and Margaret got the studio back into operation that Stephanie could talk about it. "There's no question of my ever looking at sex the same way," she told Margaret. "I don't know if I'll be able to have sex at all again. I don't think I care much anymore."

"You survived," Margaret replied. "You beat him. In the long run, you won."

And she did win. Stephanie Hill resumed life where she had left off, and before long the only time she thought of that month was to wonder what she would do if he ever came back to finish his job.

"Watch Me Do It!"

Hey you horny guys—see me in action with dildoes, cucumbers, bananas— you name it! Candid photo set $3 Color film (50 it) $5 200 it $20

U. T. R. Box 555— HS779

Murray Hill Sta, New York, N.Y. 10016







ORGASM after ORGASM!
LET ME BE YOUR SEX TEACHER
I'LL SHOW YOU OVER 900 NEW AND EXCITING SEX POSITIONS!
Name, Address & $1 to: **Honey**
Box 85311 Los Angeles, Ca. 90072

HARD CORE COMICS



Your all time favorite comic strip characters - Popeye • Jiggs • Dagwood • Orphan Anne • Superman and many more in a variety of sexual adventures.
25 EXPLICIT COMICS $3.00
FULL 8MM FILM $4.00
BOTH FILM & COMICS (save $2!) . $5.00
FREE! MOVIE VIEWER WITH EVERY ORDER **FREE!**
Eros Comics, Box 8476, Dept. **HS7** Universal City, CA 91608

12 SUCK MAGS
GENUINE "SWEDISH EROTICA" SERIES
featurnng lads & lasses of unusual oral talent



☐ Selection of 3 — $3 ☐ All 12 — $9
☐ Selection of 6 — $5 For airmail add $1
MAGS Dpt 976 Box 35268, L.A., CA 90035



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GIANT NEW LIST — GIRLS AVAILABLE!
COMPLETE WITH REVEALING PHOTOGRAPHS
PHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES!
ONLY $5 PER COPY
LANY'S LISTS Dpt. 976
Box 64743, L.A., CA 90064



CONTACT WOMEN
THAT WILL LOVE IT!
NAMES, ADDRESSES AND SOME PHONE NO'S OF *LIBERAL MINDED WOMEN* WHO WISH TO HEAR FROM FUNLOVING, SENSUOUS MEN!
SEND $3 FOR LIST OF WOMEN IN YOUR AREA
MS. "G" Dept. 976
6311 Yucca • Hollywood, CA 90028

HELPLESS TARTS
see them come



MAGAZINES $1 6 FOR $5
COLOR FILM $2 6 FOR $10
T. PRINCE DIST. Dept. 976
Box 64743, L.A., CA 90064



$AVE YOUR MONEY!
FREE HARDCORE SAMPLES!
WE'LL FILL YOUR MAILBOX WITH 100's OF REDHOT PHOTOS, FILMS, BOOKS, MAGS, & CATALOGS NOT AVAILABLE TO GENERAL PUBLIC!
RUSH NAME, ADDRESS & $1 TO:
MAILCORP BOX 85051 L.A., CALIF. 90072

FREE *IMPORTED & UNCENSORED*
Danish Porno Photo Book



SEE hot and wild boy and girl sex, group orgies, lesbian sex, dildoes in action and much more in exciting full color and b & w. Originally $6.00 up.
FREE BONUS: World's largest picture PORNO CATALOG
Send only $2.00 for postage and handling. Plus FREE $$$ Credit Coupon. You must be over 21 to state your age
NEW HORIZONS Box 908— HS779
Madison Square Post Office, New York, N.Y. 10010

I'LL GIVE YOU HOUR AFTER HOUR OF . . .

SOLID PLEASURE

NEW

LIFE SIZE REVOLUTIONARY NOT INFLATED SEX DOLL
Easily Collapsable for Convenient Storage



NEW, MASS PRODUCTION PROCESS Allows for Unprecedented **LOW PRICE**
$12.95

COMES COMPLETE WITH
Electronic *VIBRO-VAGINA*
Not inflated, but a Solid Lifelike depiction of a real girl! Hairy Vagina - Large Breasts - Open Mouth make her totally realistic. Not a cheap toy or old fashioned inflatable, but the most Lifelike LOVE SLAVE Imaginable!

SHE'S SO LIFELIKE SHE'LL THRILL YOU LIKE YOU'VE NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE!

DEALER SALES: 7471 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, Ca. 90046
Please rush me ____ Sex Doll(s) with Electric Vagina at $12.95 Ea.
Total Enclosed $ _____ ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order
AIR MAIL ADD $1
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Perverted Porno 8 FREE COLOR MOVIES



FORBIDDEN TOPICS NOT PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE
EIGHT OF OUR RAUNCHIEST STAG FILMS FOR YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & $3 - INCLUDES CATALOG!
FREE VIEWER ADD $1.50 POSTAGE
ABSOLUTELY ADULTS ONLY
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU PREFER MAGAZINES!
Colortec DEPT. HS 19 BOX 85311, L.A., CA 90072

TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!
Would you like to have an 8, 9 or **10 INCH COCK?** We can give it to you! All you need is the **DESIRE** and to make the **DECISION** to **ACT TODAY,** and in **SIX WEEKS OR LESS,** depending on how you respond, you could have a **COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG.** No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your **BIG COCK** to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be **A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES.** Send $6.95 to **ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES, Dept. 3976** 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.



CLIMAX AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN & AGAIN!
with **REPEAT PERFORMANCE**
For men, regardless of age, who wish a natural erection . . . **on demand,** even if he were impotent only days before. Not a phoney aphrodisiac. **REPEAT PERFORMANCE** is developed from pure natural ingredients to aid in impotency, to prolong the sex act and achieve multiple orgasms. No prescription needed. Fast results. Completely safe.
☐ full 30 day supply **$5**
☐ special! 90 day supply **$10**
send to: **REPEAT SALES** Dept. 3976
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood Calif. 90028

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Phone numbers, plus photos, personal ads, names/addresses of girls, couples, and men in your area.
BONUS . . . FREE with subscription. Exclusive list of bi-gals, bi-cpls, bi-guys.
CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-325-8849

BI-SEX CLUB
Bi girls, Bi couples, Bi guys near YOU.
Names/addresses, photos & phone numbers.
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BEACHES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

without much time to travel further.

Also, on the northeast trip of Oahu there is the Hawaii Nudist Park. Take bus #52 MTL to the Kuilaa Hotel, or drive. It's state land, and you are protected by law from arrest unless your nude presence affronts or alarms innocent bystanders, which is highly unlikely or they wouldn't be there.

ILLINOIS

Chicago—high colonics and nude beaches were "in" in the '30s, and former Chicago mayor Cermak once failed in an attempt to administer a nude beach on the windy city's lakefront. Nowadays, use the sundeck of Man's Country, a men's bathhouse at 5015 N. Clark St.

Zion—Illinois Beach State Park North of Chicago, dunes galore. Beach State Park is indicated along highways I-94, 41 and 173 from Chicago. Drive east to Lake Michigan and the Park entrance. A right fork near the shore goes south to the Lodge. Park. Walk south until you're comfortably situated alone on the sands.

The area below/beyond Dead River is a restricted preserve and trespassers are sometimes fined. You may want to remain on the dunes.

KANSAS

Lawrence—Lake Henry. Take U.S. 40 west from Lawrence. Drive three miles, find a dirt road to the left, take it south three and one-half miles. Kansas has no anti-nudity law, and the local folk don't seem to mind that Lake Henry has taken on the reputation as a haven for skinny-dippers.

MASSACHUSETTS

Lincoln Reservoir. Past Walden Pond the Lincoln Reservoir is conservation land, accessible, popular and clean. Rangers, however, patrol from 8 to 5, but after that the animals come down to shore. I swam nude one afternoon, in spite of patrols, and no one bothered to notice . . . in fact, I was soon joined by others.

Cape Cod—Air Force Beach. Most traditional nude bathing sites on the high dunes are heavily patrolled, now, and the cops are tough. Air Force Beach, however, is National Seashore property and is regularly used by skinny-dippers and nude sunbathers who find the water too cold to swim. Federal regulations apply here, but wander far off and you'll be on local land and subject to arrest. The beach runs the half mile between Long Nook Beach and Coast Guard Beach below the Air Force land.

MICHIGAN

Sanilac State Park. The Lake Huron shoreline is long and lonely, a wildlife preserve, virtually, and you can swim and sun under the eyes of rangers—if

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they see you at all. Take I-94 north from Detroit to Port Huron, then north on U.S. 25 along the lake towards Richmondville. The park is on the right. Park. Walk to the left of the parking area and keep going until you feel "part of it."

OHIO

Tuscarawas County—Whispering Winds. Former picnic area with 60-foot waterfall on land purchased by nudist Edith Church from a private party in 1977. Write Whispering pines, at RD2, Tippecanoe, OH.

Hilliard Quarry—Columbus. A famous swimming hole in the grand style until a developer bought the land around half of it and hired guards to chase off students from Ohio State. Nevertheless, some dare call it their pleasure, anyway. I remember hiding in the shrubs nearby while jeeps rolled by raising clouds of dry clay. High cliffs and deep, refreshing water perfect for diving, swimming and good clean fun. Take Olentangy Road, from Lane Ave., south to Fisher, turn right, cross the tracks and turn left. Drive until you see cars, or a rough parking area on the left, about two miles. Park, walk path to edge of blue pool.

VIRGINIA

Great Falls. A short drive from Washington, D.C., take exit 13 from the Capitol Beltway (495) and drive west on 193 for 3.2. miles to the bridge at Difficult Run. Park beyond the bridge on the left, walk back and take the downstream path a half mile to Great Falls.

WISCONSIN

A hotbed of political activism garnering support for the Free Beach Movement, Wisconsin has its share of wilderness shorelines on countless lakes, including Michigan. Oshkosh, if you didn't know, is the headquarters of the National Nude Beach Directory mentioned elsewhere in this article.

Madison—Blackhawk Ridge. Crosscountry ski center in winter months, includes sauna, whirlpool, horse back riding, camping.

Lake Kegonsa—at Stoughton south of Madison. The state park on the southwest side is used by nude swimmers—but mostly at night.

Oshkosh—the Pits. Access on Route 21, west from Oshkosh to Oakwood Drive about three miles beyond city limits and highway 41. Turn right, go to end of Oakwood Drive, turn left, go a half mile. The Pits are down a gravel road about 100 yards at Lake Butte des Morts . . . cozy, reclusive.

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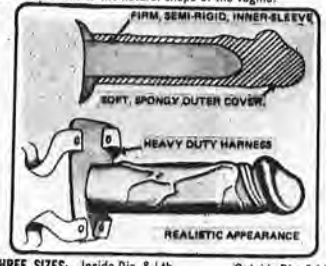
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Sweet Cakes

#1) Sweet Cakes Playing Time: 85 min. Starring: Linda Wong, Jennifer Welles, Jeanine Dalton and the Young sisters

The hottest, wildest and horniest of America's sexual fantasies is brought to the screen in the form of Johnny Swift, a porno photographer who does a lot more with his fingers than just click his shutter!

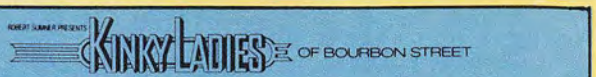
"Sweet Cakes is a just dessert for porno lovers." — Pornocopia



#2) Misty Beethoven Playing Time: 87 min. Starring: Constance Money, Gloria Leonard, Jamie Gillis, Terri Hall

An expensive and extravagent production which spotlights Constance Money as a young New York hooker who becomes private property of the 'jet set' and is whisked away to places like Paris and Rome to earn her keep.

"Brilliant porn film. The incessant, endless sex is a pleasure to behold and great fun to witness. No other film can equal this one. — Screw Mag.



#3) Kinky Ladies of Bourbon Street Playing Time: 87 min. Starring: Dawn Cummings, Penelope Lamour, Veronique Monad, and Helga Trixi.

A hardcore French import about four beautiful, but disenchanted women who decide to committ suicide by overindulging in an orgy of kinky sex and pleasure.

"A winning combination of elegance and unbridled raunch with genuinely imaginative sex" — Hustler Mag.

#4) Maraschino Cherry Playing Time: 83 min. Starring: Gloria Leonard, Leslie Bovee, Constance Money, Annette Haven, C.J. Lang

An intimate look at the beautiful and experienced publisher of High Society Magazine, Gloria Leonard as she plays the part of a high class madam who teaches her younger sister the ins and outs of the business.

"Maraschino Cherry boasts a cast of lust goddesses who are virtually the Ziegfield Girls of today's porn scene" — Playboy Mag.





"The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann"

#5) The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann Playing Time: 83 min. Starring: Barbara Bourbon (Dir) Henry Paris

A beautiful, but bored housewife decides she needs more sex in her life and more is what she gets! Followed by her husband's private detective she goes from one sticky situation to another!

"Premium Quality Porn! Hard core with genuine talent and sparkle" — Playboy Mag.



#6) Honeypie Playing Time: 86 min. Starring: Serena, Jennifer Welles, Al Goldstein

Jennifer Welles plays a newspaper columnist who's readers send in their wildest fantasies which she acts out in real life.

"Jennifer's best movie ever. The sex scenes are unbelievable!" — Screw Mag.

Bel Ami
beautiful friend

#7) Bel Ami Playing Time: 90 min. Starring: Harry Reems, Maria Lynn

In his last X-rated film Harry Reems turns in an award winning performance by the Adult Film Association of America by playing George Duroy, the editor of Playhouse Magazine who takes advantage of the fringe benefits of his position.

"Bel Ami is a hit. Not only does it incorporate all the heat of a good sex movie, but it also maintains a production value equal to legitimate movies." — Pornocopia

Naked Came The Stranger

#8) Naked Came The Stranger Playing Time: 82 min. Starring: Darby Lloyd Rains

From the bestselling book of the same title we get an eye-opening glimpse of America's favorite radio talk show hosts and their sexual mishaps. This tape will not only make you stand up and take notice, but it'll tickle your funnybone too!

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BATHROOM BALL

As he sits in a hot bathtub, she sits on the toilet and shows him what makes girls different from boys. Then this beauty puts on such an expert display of masturbation that it makes him pop out of the tub and into her warm, eager mouth. They then get totally carried away and indulge in such continuous, uninhibited sex you won't believe your eyes!

BUSTY BLONDE

Back home from a shopping spree, this beautifully built blonde encounters the wrath of her drunk boyfriend who's tired of her spending all his dough. After verbally chastising her he decides she needs to learn a lesson and he makes her earn some of the money she's spent by servicing him in every way possible. By the time he's through she's a wimpering, obedient little girl!



"You can see me in Bathroom Ball."

ANAL HOUSECALL

A private nurse is called on the phone by a man who has stomach pains, and when she arrives she immediately sets to work trying to diagnose his illness. But she doesn't come up with anything until she pulls down his pants. From then on she knows exactly what treatment to administer and you get to see it all in sizzling, action-packed color!

VIRGIN ASS

Two gorgeous girls are hungrily exploring each other's bodies when they're interrupted by a muscular, young stud who's got enough inches and stamina for the both of them. This horny threesome then proceeds to engage in every possible sexual combination in the book. This movie is a must for porn lovers!

THREE WAY ANAL

A hot, good looking black couple are sitting in their living-room discussing a book they're reading about expanding sexual freedom in relationships. Just then their beautiful, blonde next door neighbor comes over and joins the discussion. Soon the two girls are experimenting with each other as the guy watches. But not for long! He gets in on the action and pokes both girls, in all openings!

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CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

WHO'S HOT: VERI KNOTTY
She Ties Her Love Lips In Square Knots
"I stay young looking by getting laid everyday," the incredible Veri Knotty, a woman with a different twist, says in an exclusive interview/pictorial in the August *High Society*. The star of such X-rated sizzlers as *Heat Wave, Captain Lust,* and *Jailbait* is billed as *Loose Lips*. Check her out!

HERE HE IS: THE WINNER
One of the thousands of men who entered the "Whirlwind Weekend with Gloria Leonard" is the lucky winner. Read the August issue to find out who he is.

APHRODISIAC DRINKS
Luscious Liquors To Lay Your Lady
Want to mix a zinger for your woman? Is she easier to seduce after a couple of Mai-Tais? Do Zombies make her wild? Here are 40 of the most passion-packed potions you can mix right at home!

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Our X-rated GuideTo The Girls In The City of Angels
Getting laid in L.A. means life in the fast lane where the topless bars have chauffered limousines waiting out front. Girls, girls, girls, are everywhere in the City of Angels, Our sexpert and champion woman hunter, Jared Brady, tracks them down in this thrillingly thorough look at Los Angeles, the city of one-night stands!

MYSTERY LADY
Can *you* guess who our wonderful nude celebrity is in this super hot summer issue? Don't rack your brains, just buy the August issue!

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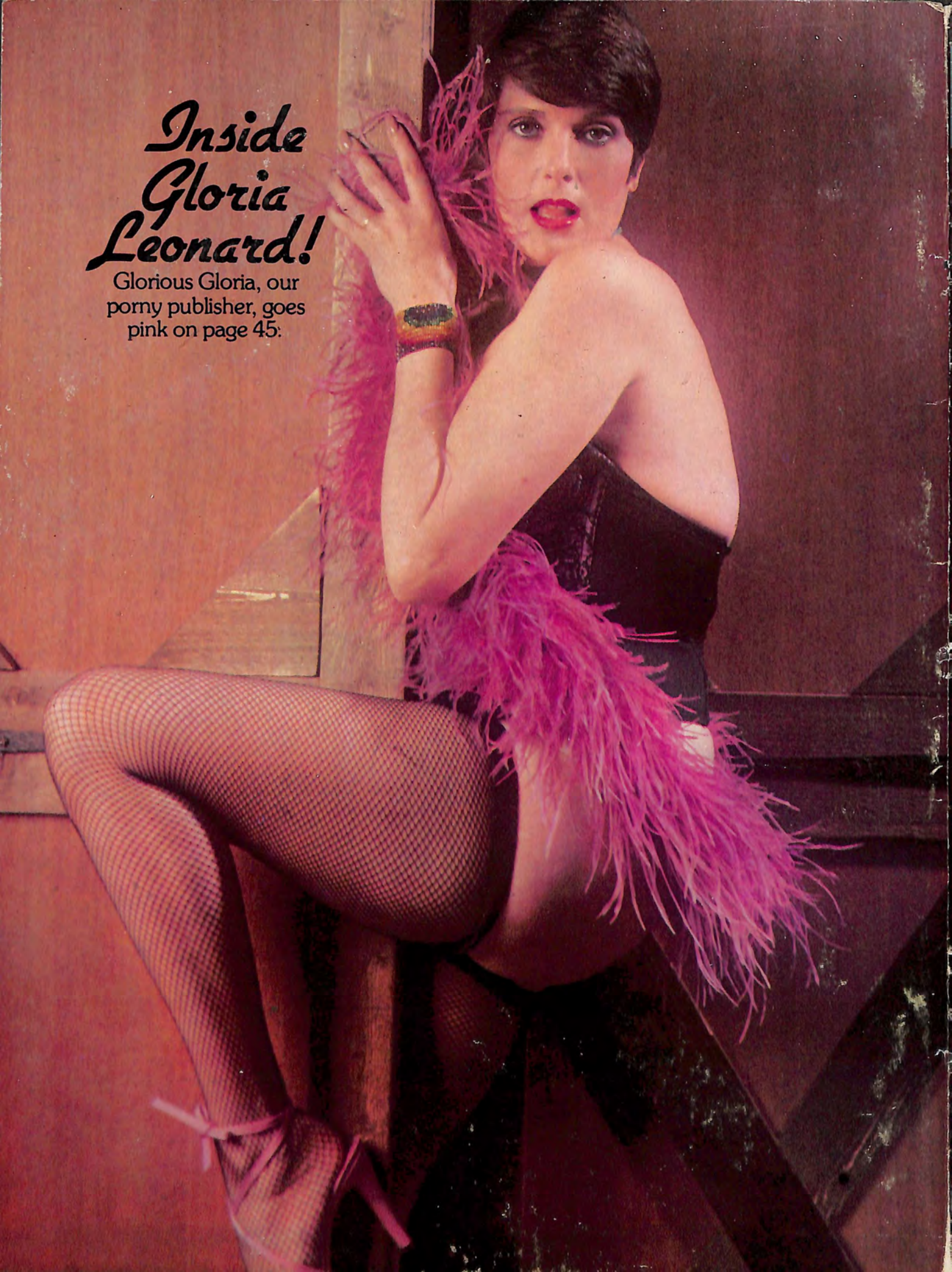
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Glorious Gloria, our porny publisher, goes pink on page 45.